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The Week

MR. BROOKHART'S nomination as the Republican candidate for Senator in the Iowa primaries is the most serious rebuke which any body of Republican voters has as yet handed to the Coolidge administration. It is all the more serious because his opponent, Senator Cummins, did not dare to support the negative policy of the administration with respect to agricultural relief. In spite of this fact, Mr. Brookhart has won by a substantial margin. His nomination is equivalent to a deliberately expressed preference by the Republican voters of Iowa for a candidate who will oppose the administration on practically all controverted questions. It foreshadows in all probability a series of reverses for Mr. Coolidge and his party in the Congressional elections of next fall. They will no doubt elect a majority to the House of Representatives, but the control of the Senate is likely to pass to a progressive-Democratic combination which can frustrate, if it holds together, any Republican legislative program. Senator Cummins's defeat increases the probability also of a serious fight within the party against Mr. Coolidge's renomination. The President will have to play some very shrewd politics during the next two years to counteract the effect of these successive reverses.

THERE is, however, nothing in this prospect which furnishes an eastern progressive with any real reason for encouragement. The setback which the Coolidge administration will suffer next fall cannot be any more complete than the rebuke which the Harding administration received in the fall of 1922. Yet two years later the Republicans under Mr. Coolidge received an unusually emphatic vote of popular confidence. The Republican farmers of the West are frequently rebellious on off years, but they are much more likely to vote regular when they are required to select a President. The underlying Republican position is strong. Little as Mr. Coolidge and the Republicans have done to deserve a renewal of popular support, neither the Democrats nor the progressives have presented to the American voters a positive or a trustworthy alternative to Republicanism. There are no indications as yet of any increase of popular interest in politics and very little of any reason for such an increase. Voters still express their scepticism and disenchantment by remaining away from the polls. The only progressivism in sight is an expression of local agrarian discontent. It is incapable of becoming national either in organization or policy. The Democratic party is utterly disorganized. American politics is running on the momentum of its old habits, associations and catchwords. It is the accomplice of urban industry and finance. The increasing wish to attack and defend prohibition is the one source of popular political fermentation, and its effect is distracting rather than constructive. But any sign of national political life is preferable to the prevailing lethargy and indifferentism. For that reason we are hoping that a combination between agrarian discontent and aggressive prohibitionism may do something to compromise Mr. Coolidge's nomination and disturb the complacency of his supporters.

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AS the League of Nations meets again, time does not appear to have brought nearer a solution of the difficult problems which caused the break-up of the last meeting without decisions on the important questions facing it. Brazil, demanding a permanent seat on the Council, prevented a last-minute agreement to admit Germany; Brazil still demands the seat on pain of leaving the League entirely. Spain gives her moral support. The French will not seriously consider limitation of land armament or submarines until the League defines precisely the action it will take under the Covenant to resist aggression, and guarantees to take that action. In other words, France wants another Geneva Protocol. But few others want such a protocol built on the basis of the status in Europe created by the Versailles Treaty. If the present situation in Poland, for instance, should lead to a revolt of the German population in Posen and the Dantzig corridor, supported by Germany, would British opinion sanction the automatic interpretation of such action as "aggression," with the result that Britain would have to fly to arms in defense of France in another war against Germany? The League still hovers on the brink of being a war-making and armament-maintaining institution rather than a promoter of peace; it does so because it still rests on the disruptive settlement of 1919 and is composed in part of nations governed by the same forces and opinions which produced that settlement. Locarno has modified the danger, but has not removed it. Under the circumstances a further postponement of the questions confronting the League is preferable to acceptance of the French point of view.

MARSHAL PILSUDSKI'S dictatorship in Poland will provide, it appears, only a temporary shelter for the Polish people against the outbreak of something like anarchy and civil war. It has not quieted the unrest nor has it checked the instability with which the unfortunate Polish people are cursed. There are clear indications that the new government will sooner or later have to overcome out-and-out insurrection; and if the insurrection continues for a sufficiently long time it may precipitate in the end intervention from abroad. For the domestic instability of Poland is only the reflection of the fatal insecurity of its international position. There are approximately 20,000,000 Poles sandwiched in between the much more numerous Russians and much more numerous and capable Germans. The security of Poland depends in the long run upon her willingness to behave in an inoffensive and considerate way towards her powerful neighbors. Instead, her leaders took advantage of the abnormal conditions of 1919 and 1920 to annex millions of Russians and Germans and to make it impossible for either of those Powers to rest satisfied with the existing boundaries. The consequence is that the Polish people have to maintain a disproportionately large and expensive army. In spite of this fact her security ultimately depends not upon her own power or upon the League of Nations, but upon the preponderance in Europe of the French army. Instead of being able to dedicate her energies to improving her economic and social conditions, considerations of domestic policy have to be subordinated to the anxieties of her international situation. It looks as if the difficulties of governing the present overgrown and exposed Poland would be too formidable for either a Parliament or a dictator.

APPARENTLY Lords Oxford and Grey made a serious mistake when they used Mr. Lloyd George's behavior during the recent general strike as a pretext for getting rid of him as leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons. The majority of his colleagues in the House are disposed to stand by him and so is a very large fraction of the rank and file of the Liberal voters. The inevitable result of the quarrel will be to weaken still further a party whose survival is already doubtful. It does not follow that the Liberals will immediately dissolve as a party and will divide themselves up between Labor and the Conservatives. There are many reasons why the Liberal remnant of the right would find it impossible to coöperate with the Conservatives, but the chief reasons are that the Conservatives will eventually introduce some measure of protection and will try to improve the constitutional position of the House of Lords. On the other hand it is most doubtful whether Lloyd George and his following could or would join the Labor party. Too many of the Labor leaders dislike and distrust him. Probably the Liberal party will continue until after the next general election to preserve its identity and will not dissolve unless its popular support suffers a further shrinkage. Eventually it will disappear, but it will take a long time to give up the ghost, and the ghost will find an abiding place elsewhere.

PRESIDENT Harding's conference on unemployment in 1921 gave rise to a committee of experts to help in preventing future unemployment. This committee has now reported with a plan for the compilation of complete current statistics of employment and payrolls, industry by industry and locality by locality. Such information now exists only in fragmentary form. In 1921 the experts could not estimate the volume of unemployment within a margin of 2,000,000 or so. It is thought that with knowledge of industrial trends which such information would furnish, all agencies which may have any stabilizing influence, such as the Federal Reserve Banks, may be forewarned and help to avert danger. We are all for accurate information and believe its compilation a highly necessary service. At the same time such a report,

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so late in the day, seems a bit watery. Information which gives some warning of approaching trouble is not lacking already. Furthermore, though we may know all about trends of employment, that is different from knowing the facts of unemployment. And the real function of facts is not simply to inform, but to stimulate action. What is that action to be? What shall be done with what is known? We hope the committee will issue supplementary recommendations dealing with such subjects as employment exchanges, unemployment insurance, and the general problem of employment stabilization.

AS the Passaic textile strikers continue their heroic struggle for collective bargaining and better conditions, it is good news that fifteen independent textile unions have met to amalgamate and offer them aid. The textile industry is largely unorganized; it will remain so until the unions which have succeeded in gaining a foothold here and there unite their forces and combine their efforts. Disunion is bad positively because it fosters lack of morale and uncertainty among possible union recruits; it is bad negatively because it prevents mobilization of all possible resources at trouble-spots and exposes organized sections to the competition of unorganized ones. The good news, however, is seriously compromised by the bad news that the United Textile Workers, the A. F. of L. union claiming jurisdiction over the industry, was not represented at the get-together conference. Doubtless there were reasons for this that seemed good to the officials responsible: traditions, memories of past quarrels, fear of Communist dominance, personal jealousies, these and other difficulties are stubborn obstacles to unity. The major fact remains, however, that unity is the chief necessity for the general good even though it cannot be obtained under ideal conditions. We can only hope that the absence of the U. T. W. will not create further bitterness and postpone still longer the success of amalgamation. The task of union statesmanship is to employ sincere and never-ceasing efforts to bring all organized workers in the industry within a single fold.

ALIENS are not popular in Massachusetts. But not all of them are as helpless as Sacco and Vanzetti. Jacob J. Tutun, of Chelsea, a graduate of Harvard Law School, who was recently denied admission to the bar because of being an alien and refused citizenship because as an alien he claimed exemption from military service during the War, has just won his appeal in the circuit court against the adverse decision of the federal district court. The gist of the ruling in this important test case reaffirms the constitutional principle that the courts cannot add to the conditions provided by Congress for citizenship. This decision should have a far-reaching and salutary effect in enabling others in Tutun's predicament to gain a re-hearing. The court is to be congratulated on this setting right of a plain injustice. Why the servants of the even-handed goddess should be open to congratulation for what is, after all, obvious fulfillment of their proper function is another, longer and sadder story.

IRRESPONSIBLE post office censorship again raises its head in the denial of the second-class mailing privilege to the New Masses. It was this weapon that during the War gave the death blow to the New York Call, the only Socialist and labor daily in New York City; it has been employed on other occasions with equal lack of discretion, and this year in an order denying the use of the mails to the American Mercury for an issue which had already been received by the subscribers. It is claimed that certain of the contents of the New Masses are indecent and obscene. The complaint was registered, however, by a society concerned not with public morals but with combating radicalism. The Post Office authorities are indeed unfit to hold positions of responsibility if they cannot discriminate between publications endeavoring to profiteer on pornography and such a sincere periodical as the New Masses. Why is it that authority to protect the immature against commercial obscenity almost invariably results in censorship of political, social or economic opinion and interferes with the rights of free speech? Of course such censorship and interference are the object of the complainants, and the Post Office officials themselves may not be guiltless in this respect. Either through appeal to the courts or by new legislation some way must be found to curb the power of a few Post Office officials to exercise dictatorship over the opinions which may be circulated through the mails. Here is a job for Nicholas Murray Butler's new society formed to protect states' rights and oppose federal bureaucracy.

A CORRESPONDENT writes us from China, under the date of April 24: "If anyone needed further evidence as to the horrors of war it could be furnished by what has been happening around Peking the past few weeks. People in and around the city have been in a state of panic ever since the probability of victory by the Manchurian troops. When this finally became a fact all their worst fears have been realized. Despite the comparative restraint and discipline which was exerted by their officers in all the environs of Peking the troops have been billetted upon the inhabitants; they have brought no camp equipment. The definite policy evidently is simply to live on the people wherever they go. On arriving at a place they take possession of the houses, drive the men out, keep the women to cook and worse, collect everything of value to themselves and carry it off with them to the next place, leaving towns and villages stripped of the necessities of life and a trail of human misery behind them. All this has taken place apart from

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the actual military operations which at last are not a matter of opera bouffe but grim war—the dropping of bombs and the killing of civilians in this city in reckless air raids and all the other civilized methods! They are learning all from the West without the measure of restrictions which has come with our gradual mastery of these new forces."

OUR correspondent continues: "The only encouraging thing is that it will awaken the Chinese people to the real horror of the whole business and will lead to such organized popular protest and articulate public opinion as will in time be effective. The worst of the present fighting is that those who suffer all belong to the same nation and are in no sense enemies of one another, including even the soldiers, being simply caught in the ambitions and jealousies of barbarous military chieftains. I wish I had time to tell you of some of the efforts we have been making to protest to these chieftains and to help the sufferers. Yesterday a delegation of our teachers was granted an interview with the son of Chang Tso-lin the day after his arrival in the city and I think aroused him to realize the desirability at least of disowning and trying to stop the inhumanity that is going on as a matter of policy. On the whole he is quite a decent fellow and I believe means well." The real question is, however, what is meant by the various foreign Powers who are believed to be intriguing with the several Chinese leaders? This warfare by proxy is even more reprehensible than would be an open conflict fought by soldiers of the nations concerned.

THE discovery of corrupt milk inspectors and the payment of bribes for the certification of milk below legal standards has aroused New York public opinion to a renewed critical attitude toward the milk industry. It happens that this industry is now more nearly monopolized as far as distribution goes than ever before, and that the affiliations of the distributors are nationwide. It also happens that a large part of the milk production for the city is under the control of coöperative producers' associations—the chief of them an independent farmers' body, the next most important a "company union" of farmers fostered by one of the distributors. This situation leads to the familiar outcry against the milk "trust," with the limitation of competition and arrangements which have been made for regularizing city milk consumption and country manufacture. We cannot see how the return of indiscriminate competition and the break-up of the producers' association would be likely to improve conditions. The lesson would seem to be rather that in the growing organization of the industry the consumer has been inadequately represented. In fact he has not been represented at all except by a few sanitary inspectors working for the city government. His economic interest in milk has never been organized. If this can be made an occasion for injecting an organized interest of consumers into the milk industry, inspection can be safeguarded and the economies already achieved by other interests can be not only preserved but doubled.

THE Special Grand Jury of Cook County has completed the naïve task of investigating the murder by machine gun of Assistant State's Attorney William H. McSwiggin, discussed in the New Republic last week by Mr. Garrett. When McSwiggin was killed in an automobile with two gangsters, thus forcibly reminding the community of the well known connection of State's Attorney Crowe and the criminal interests, the one question which interested Chicago was how Crowe would cover it up. Shortly after the jury was impaneled seven convicts broke out of the state prison at Joliet after killing a deputy warden, and thus called attention to the flagrant and irresponsible action of the division of pardons and paroles of the state department of public welfare, by which the morale of the prison had been shattered. This situation was nothing new. Moreover, the state prison is in Will County, the bailiwick of another public prosecutor. Nevertheless Crowe diverted the attention of the grand jury and the public to this fortunate red herring. The grand jury recommends the dismissal of C. H. Jenkins and Will Colvin of the above named department. These are appointees of Governor Small, Crowe's political enemy.

FOR the rest, the report of the grand jury is a liberal coat of whitewash for all concerned except Mr. H. E. Kelley, President of the Union League Club, and Oscar Wulf, Coroner, who from the first protested against the ridiculous and illegal procedure of leaving Crowe to investigate himself, and urged the appointment of special counsel. They are accused of "aiding and encouraging crime and criminals." The grand jury, as Mr. Garrett prophesied, learned nothing further about the death of McSwiggin. "Silence and sealed lips of gangsters make the solution of that crime, like many others, thus far impossible." The two leading gangsters examined were the O'Donnels, who were riding with the McSwiggin party shortly before the shooting. Represented by Milton Smith, a former deputy of Crowe's office, they gave up nothing. The grand jury found that McSwiggin while in such unsavory company was engaged in the legitimate work of his office in trying to trace one of a number of stolen bullet-proof vests, the property of a Mr. Dunlap. What the grand jury did not find, or did not think it worth while to include in its report, is that Mr. Dunlap is the agent of the company which furnishes also machine guns, by one of which McSwiggin fell. The general opinion is that McSwiggin was making a round of saloons in Cicero with two bootleggers in order to assist them to get back their

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share of the orders for beer which rivals had monopolized. The fact that McSwiggin had worked with these men to secure the renomination of Crowe at the primaries makes the suggestion plausible. The jury, however, was not interested in the connection of politics and crime. It particularly commended the Chicago Crime Commission as "a powerful aid in the crime situation," apparently because as Mr. Garrett said last week, "it has been gathering statistics avidly for close to ten years without upsetting business, politics or crime." The jury liberally commended the local representatives of what Mr. Coolidge happily called the "criminal authorities"—for "doing all that is humanly possible to meet the situation." Never did dog return to his vomit with more cheerful alacrity than the citizens of Cook County to their folly. Now that Judge Trude, defeated at the recent primary by one of Crowe's henchmen and by Crowe's methods, makes loud complaint of the same it is not to be wondered at that the State's Attorney calls for another grand jury.

Nullification by Consent

IN his recent speech on prohibition before the Presbyterian General Assembly Senator Borah assumed with respect to the anti-prohibition agitation a legally correct but politically dangerous and dubious position. "What these advocates of the referendum want," he declared, "when they speak candidly and plainly is the right to sell and transport intoxicating liquor. They want to transfer the control of this question to the states, and these things they want to do by nullifying the Constitution instead of amending it." He regards their campaign as pernicious in its results, disloyal in spirit and destructive of the authority and the prestige of the federal government. These are large words which beg the question, but from the point of view of an ardent believer in national prohibition, he has some excuse for using them. The anti-prohibitionist agitation is attempting to secure the modification of a federal law by a strategy which necessarily includes in its tactics the moral and political discrediting of part of the Constitution. It seeks to nullify the law in the hope that nullification will eventually lead to repeal, and the proposed state referenda tend to undermine the authority of a federal statute and foment resistance to it. The authority of the federal government is being flouted and its prestige seriously damaged.

The question is: What to do? From Senator Borah's point of view, this should not be a difficult question to answer. Strong governments and particularly strong governments whose ministers were convinced of the righteousness of their purposes have always known what to do with conspirators who flouted their authority. They have ruthlessly stamped out the rebellion and punished those who committed it. The federal government, from Senator Borah's point of view, should recognize in this instance a peculiarly compelling obligation to enforce its authority. For the political agitation against prohibition is conditioned on the widespread popular violation of the Volstead act, and if the administration of the law could succeed in bringing about a more general obedience to it, the agitation to revise it would be deprived of its most effective argument. The case against prohibition is unanswerable if the law continues to be widely and notoriously violated. On the other hand it practically collapses just in so far as the law is successfully enforced.

Now obviously the federal government is not doing all that it can to enforce the law in those parts of the country whose inhabitants are most addicted to disobeying its commands. When it was originally passed, the assumption was that the states would assist the federal officers in detecting and punishing its violation, and in many states such coöperation does take place. But there are also many localities in which the federal officials cannot for one reason or other depend upon municipal cooperation, and it is in these localities that the violation of the law is sufficiently widespread to be demoralizing and socially obscene. If the federal government wishes to have its authority respected, it must forge in these localities the necessary instruments for detecting and punishing the offenders. It must set up police courts which can deal summarily with minor violations of the law. It must increase the staff of the offices of the United States attorneys so that they can handle all of the cases in which the law seems to have been broken. Finally it must establish local police departments armed with the legal power which may be necessary to detect the criminals. The adoption by the federal government of measures of this kind is indispensable if prohibition is to be vindicated. The failure to adopt them is equivalent to the connivance by the federal authority in its own nullification.

If Senator Borah takes his contentions at Baltimore seriously, there is only one course for him to pursue. He must look out that the federal administration of the law is armed with all the instruments and powers which are necessary for its enforcement. In a condition of anarchy, such as the American people are passing through with respect to prohibition, brave words, civic exhortations and logical or rhetorical triumphs are not enough. It is easy for him to win verbal victories. He has a sufficient controversial justification for calling to his assistance most of the sacred words of the American political religion and of drenching his opponents with a flood of opprobrious epithets. But he must know that he will accomplish nothing by appeals to civic righteousness or national loyalty. There are millions of people in the United States who believe that the Eighteenth Amendment unjustly and unnecessarily circumscribes individual liberty. If they

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obey it, they have not a chance of modifying it. They cannot be persuaded, exhorted or "educated" into obeying it. They will not obey unless they are forced to obey. The way, consequently, to precipitate the issue is not to talk about anarchy, nullification and patriotic disloyalty, but to act as if the words were true and to introduce into Congress force bills which affirm their truth.

The reluctance of Senator Borah and the other prohibitionists to introduce and insist on the passage of bills of this kind is a revelation of the ultimate political weakness of their position. They do not dare to invoke the whole power of the federal government for the coercion of the local communities which are disobeying the law and struggling to nullify it. They know that the establishment of a federal police administration which would be capable of compelling obedience to the Volstead act would destroy the traditional balance between federal and state functions and resurrect the local resistance to federal authority and the suspicion of it which was characteristic of the primitive American democracy. The Eighteenth Amendment by its express terms contemplated a joint state and federal administration of its provisions. When certain states and municipalities practically refused coöperation, their refusal introduced an utterly unmanageable element into the situation. Nobody can question the legal right and the physical power of the federal government to overcome this resistance. But no one who understands the danger of increasing suddenly and largely the police responsibilities of the federal government in the face of stubborn and general popular opposition can regard such a vindication of its power with anything but uneasiness and apprehension.

A statesman who is also a federalist and a patriot should recognize that the popular protest against the Eighteenth Amendment has plunged the American people into a quandary from which brave and bellicose words will not avail to extricate them. Any way out except repeal involves costly compensations and compromises, but inasmuch as the Amendment cannot be repealed, the least costly compromise seems to be the renunciation by the federal government of any attempt to administer the law within the state jurisdictions and the restriction of its efforts to preventing the importaion of alcoholic beverages and of their movement in interstate commerce. This would mean undoubtedly a partial nullification of the law, but it would be modification not by furtive connivance or reluctant evasion, but by conscious and candid consent. The federal government would declare in effect that even though it possesses the legal right to override local opposition, it prefers for the present out of respect for the principle of local self-government to allow those states which object to prohibition to try in their own jurisdiction some modified form of regulating the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages.

The Drive Against State Taxes

THE Committee on Public Relations of the Eastern Railroads has recently issued a leaflet demanding reduction of state and local taxes. It calls attention to the fact that while the national debt was being reduced by about 4½ billion dollars from Jan. 1, 1920, to Jan. 1, 1926, the debts of state and local governments were being increased by about 6¾ billion dollars. And while the national government was cutting its expenditure by about 2 billion dollars a year, the current expenditures of state and local governments increased more than the same amount and are still going up. Other organs of business have begun similar publicity campaigns, and the cry for local tax reduction to match federal reduction is likely to be heard frequently in coming months and years.

Superficially this looks like both a popular and worthy cause. No doubt much money spent by state and local governments is wasted; no doubt by greater administrative efficiency and paring of useless expenditure something could be saved. It is possible to receive greater value per dollar expended. But certain observations are in order before the new medicine is swallowed whole.

First, we must discount the analogy with federal expenses and taxes. It was the federal government, not the states and municipalities, which bore the enormous expenses of the War and increased its debt many-fold to finance them. The subsequent reduction in federal current expenditures is due almost wholly to the cessation of war activities; normal peace-time expenses of the government are and have been increasing, in spite of every effort at economy. Rapid liquidation of the extraordinary war debt was also to be expected (reduction of the debt will not, by the way, proceed so rapidly now that business has succeeded in paring the federal income tax to the bone). States and local governments were not called upon to raise armies which were later demobilized; readjustment to post-war conditions meant no automatic reduction of expenses for them. Quite the contrary, during the War and immediately afterward they deferred much necessary construction which had to be made up later. And they are now bearing part of the war burden indirectly through increase of expenses for pensions and care of soldiers.

Next, it is not in order to say that state and local expenditures and debts must be curbed simply because they have been growing, and to cite figures, as the railroads do, of higher taxes as a cause of rising costs of living. To indicate the fallacy of this thesis it is only necessary to turn the tables and apply it to the railroads themselves—a service in somewhat the same category of importance as the service of government. Gross receipts for railway revenue—the taxes levied by the railroads on the public—have increased enormously between 1914 and 1926. And the bonded indebtedness of

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the railroads has also been growing rapidly. Are we therefore necessarily justified in demanding that the railroads be paid less and that their debt be reduced? Does it follow that their activities have raised the cost of living? Railroad spokesmen would be the first to point out that what we pay them means nothing unless considered in connection with the service rendered in return—its quantity, its quality, its necessity. The volume of their expenditures also depends in large measure on the price and wage levels at which they must pay for what they buy. And their funded debt must be assessed in relation to the value of the properties against which it lies, the usefulness of the investment and the interest rates paid. States are entitled to the same logic.

There lies before us a report of the Department of Commerce entitled Financial Statistics of States, 1924, which throws some light on these and similar questions. In complaining of their state and local taxes the railroads say "The bulk of this taxation is levied on the real property of the railroads." Looking in the report we see that the per capita receipts of the states from general property taxes increased from $1.89 to $3.16 between 1915 and 1924—only 67 percent. This does not look excessive when compared with the rise of property values and prices in the same period. Total receipts of the states, it is true, increased much more than this—nearly threefold—but the great jump in revenue arises from special taxes on bank and other stock, savings banks, insurance companies, etc., gasoline and automobile taxes, pension assessments paid in by employes under pension plans, federal grants for highway construction. All these things are pretty closely tied up with more service rendered. In 1915 general property taxes made up 40 percent of the states' total revenue, while in 1925 they were but 25 percent.

What has the growing revenue been used for? The per capita increase in general governmental costs has been moderate—from 45 cents to 67, or 49 percent. Protection to person and property went from 27 cents to 46 or almost double—but surely the railroads are not for a reduction in police forces. The increase in charities, hospitals and corrections was a little over 60 percent—in line with the rise in general prices. Development and conservation of natural resources went from 17 cents to 48 or 182 percent. That is investment of the best sort and probably should be larger rather than smaller. School expenses rose from $1.48 to $3.32 or 124 percent. Very likely we are not getting our money's worth from education. But it is hard to point out possible cash retrenchments. Fewer children in school? More crowded schoolrooms? Lower rural school standards? Poorer pay for teachers? The biggest increase of all is for highways—23 cents to $1.11 or 382 percent. We all know the reason for that. Can it be that the railroads are for fewer and poorer motor roads? They have, it is true, lost local freight and passenger business to the automobile, bus and truck, but they could hardly take so crude and mischievous a way to meet an inevitable development which is not entirely competitive.

Turning now to the growth of the states' debts, we find that by far the greater part of it has occurred since 1919; that during the war years in spite of rising prices the debt increased but little. This indicates what was the fact—that public improvements were being held up during the period of emergency. An unusually rapid growth of indebtedness since then to meet the construction deficiency was to be expected. The total funded and floating state debt at the close of 1924 was $1,494,409,881. Of this, the largest single part was incurred for highways — $518,991,269 for state roads and $185,415,576 for other highway purposes. It would hardly be just to say that the growth of these highways has not been accompanied by sufficient growth of wealth through the use of the automobile to support their capital cost. The next largest item is $284,127,600 for soldiers' and sailors' relief and homes—a result, perhaps not necessary and wise, but still a result of the War. These three items together account for two-thirds of the total.

The purposes for which the debt was incurred may be necessary and useful, and yet the states may have over-mortgaged themselves. Taking account of sinking-fund assets, we find that the states' net funded and floating debts amounted at the end of 1924 to but 34.1 percent of the estimated value of their properties, thus leaving them an equity of 65.9 percent—which ought to seem conservative to any railroad or real estate man. The interest paid, moreover, is for the most part 4½ percent or less. It may possibly be better in the long run for a state to adopt the pay-as-you-go policy, just as it is better for a corporation to finance its improvements out of earnings, but the taxpayers will have to remember that such a policy, if we are to meet essential requirements, will mean higher taxes in the present, not lower ones.

An interesting detailed study of a situation typical in many respects is that of New York state, recently made by Mr. Clarence Heer, and published under the title of The Post-War Expansion of State Expenditures, by the National Institute of Public Administration. Mr. Heer, after an exhaustive examination of state accounts, concludes that 57 percent of the growth of expenditure between 1917 and 1923 is due to the advance of prices and wages and to paying for public improvements out of current income rather than bond issues. An additional 22 percent was necessitated by conditions over which the state had no control such as the growth of population, school attendance and automobiles. The remainder, which may be classified as optional, represents such items as the improvement of rural education, more adequate highways, indemnifica-

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tion for tuberculous cattle, maintenance of state police, etc.

We have not the space here to make a similar examination of local and county finances, but it obviously is necessary to examine them in detail before drawing conclusions as to the possibility or desirability of local retrenchment. To increase the efficiency of state and local administration is desirable, but there should be no underpaying of public employes or crippling of public services such as might easily result from uncalculating tax reduction.

The Sinking Franc

WHEN the Bank of France refused to allow its gold reserve to be tapped for the purpose of sustaining the foreign exchange value of the franc in spite of strong pressure from the government and the special committee of experts considering the matter, it gave striking confirmation to the view that the franc is in real danger of going the way of the mark. Though thirteen of the fifteen experts favored such pegging of the exchange, Professor Jèze of the University of Paris, a remarkably candid and clear-sighted economist, and Vice-President Picard of the Bank, opposed it. M. Picard is reported by the Paris Temps, according to Edwin L. James's translation, to have held that the gold reserve should be "entirely reserved for ulterior [ultimate?] monetary restoration."

A sound argument for the use of the reserve must have rested on the proposition that receipts of the Treasury would be sufficient to cover expenditures, that further advances of notes from the Bank to the government would therefore cease, and that as a consequence there would be no more inflation and the franc would improve—or at least fail to fall further—in internal purchasing power. If all this were the case, the fall of its exchange value might be a temporary phenomenon, capable of being remedied by the restoration of confidence. Confidence might be restored by the purchase of enough francs in the exchange markets to sustain their value. When the danger was passed the francs could be sold again and the Bank recover its gold. In that case there would be no need to keep the reserve intact now.

What M. Picard and M. Jèze must have had in mind, however, was the actual situation described in the New Republic of June 9 by Miss Cleona Lewis, co-author with Dr. H. G. Moulton of The French Debt Problem. There is no likelihood of French treasury receipts being large enough to cover expenses in 1926. Therefore the whole structure falls to the ground. There will be more advances to the government; there will be more note-printing; the franc will be worth still less at home and therefore less abroad. At least a large part of the Morgan credit has been used in a fruitless effort to stay its decline. To start buying francs with the gold reserve of the Bank of France, or with a foreign loan secured by this reserve, would be literally to throw good money after bad. How fruitless for the Bank to print more and more notes to be lent to the government and thus be put in circulation, and at the same time to buy them back again with its gold reserve! Much better keep the reserve so that when it becomes necessary to establish a new currency, France will not like Germany have to negotiate still another foreign loan to supply its basis.

The New Republic has consistently held that the settlement of the French debt to the United States was made, under the duress applied by our government, without any idea on the part of the French that they could ultimately meet its terms, but solely so that they could borrow more now from private bankers in the United States. We have also held that if such a loan would do France any permanent good the deception might be excused and the settlement justified, but that this was not the case. With the refusal of the Bank of France to use its gold for stabilizing the exchange, any pretense that more American gold ought to be loaned for the same purpose must surely vanish.

Incidentally, it is worth remarking that the débâcle which seems to be in sight is not to be attributed either to incompetence on the part of the large left bloc in the French Chamber or, as is so often done, to present "politics" and politicians. The extravagance and the blindness of Poincaré created the danger to the franc; by the time of his fall the disease of inflation was well advanced. If it could have been stopped at all it could have been stopped only by heroic measures of taxation and repudiation implying terrific sacrifices by all sections of the French people. No one class was any more eager than any other to bear such sacrifices. Their apportionment by the political representatives of the various classes was a well-nigh impossible task for a parliamentary government, and the politicians cannot be greatly blamed for their failure. The real blame rests upon those nationalists responsible for the conduct of the War to a finish and the war after the War.

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Will the Cities Ever Stop?

DURING the last seventy-five years a large number of the people of the United States have been moving from the country to the cities. To many this process has commended itself as natural and never-ending. Progress is measured by the growth of the city's population, the number of its skyscrapers and the length of its transit lines. But gradually there has been gathering from here and there a sound of protest. Agricultural interests, believing they are approaching submersion and eventual extinction in competition with city industry, are trying to restore a balance between land and factory. Increasing numbers of city-dwellers are complaining of the noise, the dust, the crowding and the high cost of their living. Sociologists, regional and city planners, are beginning to point out the disadvantages of the overgrown city. What hope is there that its extension will be checked? The protest is not yet very loud, and one is fearful that desires of this kind, unless backed by something more substantial, will make little headway against basic economic forces and intrenched group habits.

Even to such a great centre as New York the addition of many millions is contemplated. Architects and engineers visualize towering buildings not merely in lower Manhattan, not only along Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street and Broadway, but in many other districts. They think of double- and triple-decked streets. Subway plans constantly proliferate. There seems no limit to the extension of suburbs. If we assume that only one-third of the land area of New York City should be covered with modern walk-up tenements, and allow as much as one room per person, they would hold a population of 57,000,000. Why should New York stop growing?

New York state is the prime example of urban development. In 1840 the population was widely scattered over the state. There were about 500 manufacturing towns and villages, power for whose industries was furnished by over 7,000 water-wheels. They were connected by a network of highways and canals. Each was surrounded by a prosperous farming region. The local community was nearly self-sustaining. Grain was brought to local grist mills, lumber to sawmills, cattle to slaughter houses, hides to tanneries, wool to carding, spinning and weaving mills. Factory hands ate vegetables grown in their own gardens and other supplies from the nearby farms. The local factories and farms sent each other their simple necessities, and their very labor was often interchangeable.

It was about 1860 that the farm and village population began to shrink. This was not merely a comparative shrinkage: it was absolute. Today there are fewer persons in the state living on farms and villages of less than 2,500 than in 1820. There are fewer living on farms than in 1810. Farm area, too, has shrunk. In 1870 it reached its high point—78 percent of the state. Since then farm land has been abandoned at the rate of 100,000 acres a year. During the last decade there were only ten of the fifty-six counties in the state in which rural population grew. Eleven cities, each having a population of over 50,000 in 1920, account for more than 86 percent of the population growth of the state between 1850 and 1920.

Such a migration cannot be attributed merely to a perverse desire to live in crowded quarters in the immediate proximity of thousands of other persons. It cannot be attributed to some deep-rooted instinct which makes persons prefer the operation of a repetitive-process automatic machine to the varied labor of a farm or handicraft industry. It cannot even be caused by the convenience of running water, sewage systems, and the alleged variety and interest of city social life as compared with the alleged rigor and loneliness of primitive agriculture. Persons did not rush into the cities by hordes demanding employment, which was thereupon supplied by philanthropic individuals bent on permitting them to live the kind of life they wanted. The forces back of the migration were more basic and pervasive than that.

The little town in Connecticut in which I spend the summer is an example of what happened on a wide scale. Once it had a woollen mill, a hat factory, a sawmill and other local industries, all run by water power. The farmers, even in these rocky hillsides, made money with their general crops, their sheep and oxen. They left monuments of their wealth and culture in their beautiful old houses, built to last for centuries and to delight the eye in door and lintel, in cornice and chimney, in mantel and hearth. Now there is one old mill building left; of the rest no trace except remnants of the dams. A few farmers still struggle on, but none of them makes his whole living at farming—except a young man with capital who established a dairy which helps to supply a city twenty miles distant. There is no lack of desire to dwell and prosper here. It is one of the most pleasant regions in the world. But there is almost no occupation capable of offering a living to newcomers or to the children of the inhabitants. The factories are gone; general farming is not profitable.

Changes in transportation and power did it—railroads, coal, steam-engines, automatic machinery. The small mills could not compete with bigger ones elsewhere which could instal unlimited automatic machinery because they could have steam power, which could have steam power because they could get coal in quantities and cheaply by rail or water, and which could ship their products over the

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rails that brought their power supply. These same railroads brought more distant agricultural regions into competition with the local farmers. Robbed of their market in the vicinity, they could not sell wheat in the great milling centres in competition with the specialized wheat regions where land was cheaper, more fertile, less rocky, and susceptible of increased production per man through the mere use of modern agricultural machinery. They could not sell their cattle or their wool so well, for similar reasons. Most of those who wanted to continue farming went elsewhere and specialized. Those who didn't or couldn't went to the industrial centres and worked in factories or in the offices which the extension and specialization of commerce and industry made necessary. Many of the larger and specialized farming regions of the country are now suffering from the long-range competition of foreign agricultural areas where land is cheaper and labor more plentiful.

No doubt about it, the cities built up by grace of the twin gods railroad and coal are a function of modern industrial efficiency. Where they have not been fed by the concentration of population for large-scale industrial production, they have been fed by the commercial and banking and legal and insurance and other work incidental to the long-range marketing of goods. If you measure efficiency by lowered cost of production, it is more efficient to have a comparatively few large cities and a comparatively few specialized agricultural regions, exchanging their products over comparatively large areas, than to have a large number of self-sufficing rural communities of the old type each with its local industries. That is what chiefly accounts for city growth and farm decay. It is part of the great process of division of labor, diversification of wants, and centralization of control. If the cities are to stop growing, and the land is to have more of a chance, something must happen to make the city less efficient.

And that is just where it is beginning to appear that hope lies. The city, like the industrial plant itself, appears to be subject to a law of diminishing returns after it passes a certain size. Take water supply, for instance. It is undoubtedly cheaper to supply ten thousand families from a nearby reservoir than to supply a hundred families from individual wells. But as the city grows the mains have to push further away, new sources of water have to be sought, and eventually the cities begin to impinge on each others' water sheds. New York has already approached the Mohawk Valley, hundreds of miles upstate. Highway traffic is another indication. The regional plan of New York and its environs presents a traffic map, showing by the thickness of black lines the number of cars using the main roads in approaching or leaving the metropolitan area. In 1922 the traffic was heavy, of course. But in 1965, on the basis of the statistically estimated growth of population, the lines become so broad that the map is almost all black, and inside the metropolitan area the traffic is so inconceivably thick that it cannot be graphed.

The carriage of food and persons shows a similar progression. Terminal charges and trucking now account for a much larger part of the retail prices of staple food products than the freight charges to the city even from points across the continent. Analysis of the dollar spent on the truckman shows that 25 cents of it goes for idle time when there is no business, 21 cents goes for unproductive work waiting and being held up by congestion, 14 cents is devoted to salary and profits, 14 cents is loading charge, and only 26 cents pays for productive work. On transit lines, trips per capita increase more rapidly than the population, and the average length of the haul stretches out as the city grows. More people being carried further more often. That means more time in getting to and from work, more time taken from work by messengers, salesmen and all who have to go from place to place. Decreased efficiency for the population. And it means heavier and heavier investment in subways, with fares paid and taxes to match. Higher cost of living, higher rents. Higher cost of production. New York is now diverting money much needed by schools to subway building.

Similarly it costs more to house people, and they are not housed as well. The more the people, the higher the land values. The higher the land values, the larger proportion of the cost of housing has to go into land. Land value was recently in Queens, where the full appreciation had not taken place, 5.7 percent of the cost of the apartment; on the lower East Side it was 27 percent; if tenements on the lower East Side should be replaced it would be 40 percent. High land value leads to multi-family construction and overcrowding. Families per dwelling and per acre increase as the population grows, and open space per person decreases. Up go risks of sickness, death, fire, crime, accident. Up go costs of sanitation, institutions, police, courts, hospitals, fire protection.

Railroads, manufacturers' associations, chambers of commerce are complaining, now that federal taxes have been reduced, of the rapidly increased cost of local government. Does it occur to them that this is one of the inevitable accompaniments of overdone urbanization? In New York state, according to a study of the Commission of Housing and Regional Planning, while the growth of population and the rise of prices accounted for about $175,000,000 of the increased cost of state and local government between 1900 and 1923, the increase of services alone accounted for about $75,000,000. Most of these additional services were highly necessary, due to the changes in our civilization. And of these services the greater part are urban. Take for instance the average per family cost of various governmental functions in

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the different political units. New York city pays for protection $36.61, the typical city of the second and third class $8.75, the state government $4.67, the typical county 99 cents, the typical town 24 cents. In villages the cost rises again to $3.56. For health New York pays $4.46 per family and for sanitation $14.52 against $1.63 and $5.00 in the second and third class city, 66 cents and nothing in the state, 84 cents and nothing in the county, 72 cents and nothing in the town, 70 cents and 33 cents in the village. So it goes through charities and correction, recreation, public utilities. Governmental cost altogether is higher per family the larger the city, as a rule. The following little table is worth pondering:

	Annual cost of government per family, 1917-1921
New York City	$151.56
Buffalo	136.06
Rochester	107.74
Typical city 2nd or 3rd class	56.44
Typical town	32.80
Typical village	27.91
Typical county	17.71
State	30.64

With higher taxes, higher land values and higher rents, the fixed charges of business go up. With higher cost of living and higher wages, the labor costs of business go up—granted the same degree of productive efficiency. With more congestion and higher terminal and trucking charges, the material costs of business go up. The only one who ultimately profits from city crowding is the landlord. There are, of course, certain countervailing factors. Some costs of government in the city represent services necessary anywhere, and more efficiently done by government than by individuals. But these hardly predominate. And some of the city wastes would be preventable by good planning and good zoning, by different systems of land taxation, by public housing measures. But such plans for the general good have to overcome so much individual interest and inertia that they are not likely to be effective in restoring the efficiency of the big city. Mere momentum is carrying the cities beyond the point of diminishing returns.

So, you say, factories will move from larger cities to smaller ones, the smaller cities will grow large, and nothing permanent will be accomplished. That is, of course, one possible outcome. But there have been placed in our hands two powerful instruments of change, which if used with intelligence may serve us. Transportation and power—the villains of the original piece, are appearing in new forms. The time is rapidly passing when a factory need get coal; in fact, the plants which do not use coal are outstripping those which do. They take electric power from high voltage transmission lines. And these lines are not confined by grades and valleys—they can and do go about anywhere. They do not hug the railroads. Therefore the factory need not be dependent on the railroad for power. And for shipping its materials and products to and from the railroad it can, if its products do not weigh too much, use the motor truck and the motor highway. Many factories in big cities have to depend on cartage anyway. Furthermore the working population need not be so closely concentrated; it is easy to substitute buses and flivvers for trolleys and subways. We now have not only the motive for industrial decentralization, but the means.

It is not likely that we shall go back to the small, scattered, self-sustaining communities. But with proper regional planning, we may perhaps have medium-sized, non-congested towns surrounded by farming and recreation regions, in which land values, crowding and costs do not progress beyond the mark of economic and social efficiency. If we are capable of learning from what we see about us, and of making fresh starts in such a way that the Babbitts do not become the lords of creation, there is a real chance for a new trend of development in which the cities will not become too big and the farm can supplement instead of being devastated by the factory. Though farm specialization will not disappear, it will be limited by rising land values and transportation costs; there will be more chance for many crops in local markets. An intelligently managed, well placed farm, with electric power, tractors, trucks, telephone and radio, near enough a reasonably sized centre of population, may not be such an unprofitable and unpleasant place in which to live.

For the development of these ideas we must look to such bodies as the Commission of Housing and Regional Planning in New York state, from whose researches many of the facts in this article are derived. The task of geographical planning is a gigantic one with many aspects, and we shall hear more and more of it as time goes on.

GEORGE SOULE.

Eyrie

(To E. A. R.)

Only in silence can one hear, as you,
The single sounds that, harshly incomplete,
Yet throb to golden music when they meet,
As one clear symphony. With altered hue—
Turned faintly roseblush, faring to the blue
Vast grape of night—day lays down at your feet
Such tardy gifts as you, who for no sake
Find stooping easy, may yet leave or take—
You, who know stars by day where they go veiled
On secret silver thresholds, who have scaled
Hig sunsets, and have loved gold hair too much
To se . . . save for such moments as might leave
A s rand of light that should forever weave
Abcut the heart, and tighten at the touch.

LOLA RIDGE.

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Commencement

JRONALD BLAINE FRASER settled himself comfortably in his seat. The commencement exercises would be long; they always were. But the college faculty, grouped sheepishly behind the President on the platform, was interesting to study. Their somewhat bulging foreheads always reminded him of Wells's Martians. The prize-winning seniors receiving seriously their awards, the recipients of honorary degrees receiving, not less seriously, their meed of praise from the presentation orator, these he would enjoy—if there were not too many of them. And of course his son would march in line with his class. It would not be a bad commencement.

He had done his duty by his son; well, if not his duty, the customary thing. The world would say he had done his duty. He had given him money, had bought him tutors, had sent him to summer camps, paid his tuition at Andover and Yale, and had been generous. The Law School, the Medical School, whatever his son wanted he could afford. Too bad the boy's mother had not lived. This occasion would have meant more to her. Women were different, more sentimental.

Strange he was not more affected. Commencements, to be sure, were old stuff to him. He had been to several and they were always the same. Yet this was his boy's and his only boy at that. He ought to be more enthusiastic, yet why? He did not know why. Possibly just common sense was the reason, possibly just good eating and living, possibly the recollection of a certain steel box in his bank with the bundle in it tight bound by a wide elastic. That box had been in his mind much of late. Had he thought about it too often, the securities within, the municipal and public service bonds, the well assorted foreign obligations, the stock of his own manufacturing company? He could visualize them all. Why should he not think about them; they were honorably obtained!

As for Roger, his son, in a few minutes he would be mounting the platform to receive his degree. Would he be like his father; did he want him to be? The boy looked clean and satisfactory to him. His college record was decent enough, not high in his studies, but on the other hand not low. He had been a member of the football squad; he had made his fraternity. These things his father had done. The boy looked like him; he took some satisfaction in that.

Perhaps he would make a better man. Mr. Fraser hoped he would, not a scatter-brain or too much of an idealist, but a man more intent on broader interests than his father. A little touch of idealism would not be bad, not too much, naturally. The son must live in a workaday world among men.

Mr. Fraser seemed thoughtful. Half-blurred recollections of his own college days occurred to him. That course in Biology now, and the story of the modest and gentle Darwin fighting ill health all his life. And there was English Literature, too, and History, Robert Louis Stevenson, so ill understood by his practical father, or Martin Luther before the Emperor, the monk defying the world. These men had appealed to him; they had not taken the easiest way. Had he? Mr. Fraser was not sure. At any rate, there was something different about them, a touch of fineness which did not seem to go with well filled clothes and a well groomed face, not at least as unlined as his was.

For a minute Mr. Fraser looked as if he had lost something. He did not even hear the applause which greeted Senator Brown. His memory went back some forty years when he, a lad, had watched, spell-bound, Old Slugger Bill in Freshman Latin. There was a man, no nonsense about him. It was the same Yale; there must be men like him around, and boys such as he had been. Perpetual arguments in the dormitories at night, how he remembered them, on philosophy and sex, politics and religion—these the big four. Did Roger take part in any like them, do you suppose, and if so, what line did he follow? Over twenty-two years ago he had jested with his friends that he had passed on to his son and heir these same problems; a rather unmanly thing to do, it now seemed to him.

Well, he would sound Roger out about the future. If the boy wanted to lay his lance in rest that life might be cleaner and happier for others, he would not hinder. His money might help. After all, Roger had certainly been exposed to education, even to religion, as the contemporary apologists for compulsory college chapel liked to phrase it. Mr. Fraser felt hopeful.

Young Roger stood gracefully by his father's door, somewhat surprised that Mr. Fraser awaited his homecoming before going to bed.

His father indicated a chair, and Roger sat down.

"I am wondering what your plans are, now that you have finished," he began, with a feeling of self-consciousness that was very unusual for him.

"Why, I am ready to start work," said his son, "what else would I do?"

"Do you want to go to work?" said the elder Fraser. "I thought, perhaps . . ."

"No, thank you, Father, very much. I don't want to go to Europe again. I've had an easy time all year, all my life for that matter, and I am ready for the dinner pail, the time clock and overalls." And young Roger smiled in his usual beneficent but well mannered fashion, for he was a gentleman and wont to do the right thing.

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"I wasn't thinking of Europe," said Mr. Fraser slowly, "though of course, if you wanted to—what I thought, perhaps, was that Law or Medicine . . ."

"There is something to the Law School idea," his son answered. "It would be a help in looking after your business. But I don't think that my Governor needs the help, at least he can buy it for a reasonable price, probably has been doing so for a long time. The lawyer is something like an expensive clerk, he comes high, does his job, is necessary: but why not buy one?"

"But do you care about manufacturing knives and razors, Roger; do you really want to go into the business?"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that exactly, Father, but it is up to me to do something. I suppose there is money enough, I don't know. But you see," and he pointed through the hotel window to the campus, "the men who go there do something, generally. We get the habit at college of making something, and now there are knives to make. I don't see that it makes much difference what one makes or does, if it is something. Old Yale ideal, you know. Not that we have any monopoly of it, sort of an American ideal."

"Would you call it an ideal?" said Mr. Fraser.

Roger looked surprised. "You know, Father, that is the first time I have ever heard you use that word, except scarcastically. Do you mean it?"

"There might have been a bit of irony in my tone," his father answered, "but yes, I mean it. You see, college is supposed to teach ideals. There is the country now, and the church and the family and social reform and the labor movement, lots of idealistic movements down to reforestation and, I suppose, Chautauquas. You might have been influenced. You see, I don't know."

"And I don't know either, Father, what you are driving at."

"Well, it's this way, son. I don't honestly think that I have any fool ambitions for place or power, either for myself or for you. It is not the wearing of uniforms or livery, civil or military, and the applause of the crowd and the press notices I am thinking of. It is something else—the possibility—well, look over there at Harkness Tower, wonderful, isn't it? But the lads who live beneath it, I am wondering about them. Old Yale tradition to do something. Yes, I felt that myself; but do what, Roger, and why?"

"I don't think you are very clear, Father."

"Well then, lad, what I mean is this: you have been through college; what has it done for you? Is Roger Fraser more of an individual than he was four years ago or less; is there anything that he has got to do in this world whether society likes it or not, got to do in order to fulfill some great compelling force within him that says, this is my job, go to it, put it across, fight it through, make it good? And if you don't you are only half a man, with self-esteem perhaps, but no self-respect, no dignity of moral character, a worthless, spineless bit of human straw whirled this way, now that, by what the bellowing crowd are crying in the market place."

Mr. Fraser spoke with a sudden heat which surprised him. He enjoyed his own emotions and continued. "Has college standardized you as it did your father; has it stood you in a mold, made conventional and neat and proper your ideas of life; or has there come from somewhere some thought or hope of something different, more true, more genuine, more joyful, if you want to put it that way, than what you and I and the alumni of all of our universities, for the most part, have come to regard as the safe and sane norm of excellence, a tailor-made pattern, all alike, and so deadly dull that all life has departed from it?"

"Whew, Father, this begins to look like a long bicker session," said the son. "It interests me, it really does. I don't know as I like the idea of being proper. That sounds like the Y. M. C. A. I don't aspire to being proper. That is not one of the college mores, you know. But for the rest of it, why not? Do you want your son to be a queer fish? Don't you like the Yale mold now and the standard? It's not so bad."

"And that's just the trouble with it," Mr. Fraser snorted. "It's not the character of the mold I object to so much; it's having any mold at all. It's the everlasting conformity to what the crowd, the better crowd, mind you, think and feel and act. If it were not the better crowd, somehow, I would not feel so bad about it. But the best crowd—it's just your Mid-Victorian respectability over again, without even the excuse for, or the originality of, that state of mind. And yet you sneer at the Mid-Victorians."

"Bully for you, Father, go to it," said the younger Fraser.

"There is no use in going to it," the elder man answered, "if all I have to hit at is a well bred allowance on the part of the knowing young for erratic and excitable age."

"If what you are looking for," Roger replied, "is a little fire and anvil stuff, all right. I can provide it. I am your son, you know, and therefore enough of a man, even if I am young, to fight back. I thought this was going to be a friendly powwow?"

"And so it is, Roger. Forgive me. Your father, you see, was momentarily living old days over again, or what might have been old days had things been otherwise. He is well along in years, you know; his clothes fit well; he is not worried about the grocer's bill nor his insurance payment; he has never been black-balled at a club nor sneered at in the street, nor driven out of town, nor tarred and feathered or anything else exciting. He was just wondering if he hadn't missed something."

"And so," said Roger, "he would like a little vicarious excitement by having his son mobbed?"

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"Well hit, Roger; I am afraid you have analyzed the situation correctly. But then, why shouldn't I? In a way, you are living my life all over again, and I want you to make up for some of the things I have missed. It's not just selfishness. There was a time when your father had what might be called ideals, hopes, that is, and aspirations that called for self-denial and hardship, for fight and battle. And I wondered if you had them; that is all your father is getting at. He'll be normal again over his grapefruit in the morning."

"I am not keen for self-denial, Father, not one bit. Nor do hardships appeal to me. I think I see, though, what you are driving at. A gentleman ought not to take life too easily. I'll try not to. I'll play the game the best I know how and according to the rules. But," and he pointed in turn to the campus, "we don't breed radicals over there, you know."

"And the game you will play," said Mr. Fraser, "will be the old game, not a new one?"

"The old game is the only one that interests me," came the reply.

Mr. Fraser was silent. His son seemed to know what he wanted; that was a point gained. He was less excitable than his own father, that was another point gained; or was it? Well, after all, the boy was probably right. Visions were to the visionary. It would be uncomfortable if Roger were such. "Son," he said, "I don't know what midsummer madness has struck your aged sire this night. He needs to be psychoanalyzed, I suppose. You are right and he is wrong."

"Father," said Roger, "I got angry, forgive me."

The Frasers, father and son, both slept a dreamless sleep and awoke, refreshed and alert, after the Fraser fashion.

WALTER PHELPS HALL.

The Eighteenth Century

DR. PAGET TOYNBEE* is to be congratulated on bringing to a close the monumental edition of Horace Walpole's Letters, the first volume of which appeared, under the editorship of Mrs. Toynbee, in 1903. The enormous and exquisite structure stands before us in all its Palladian beauty, and we can wander through it at our ease, conducted, as we go, by the most patient and accurate of scholars. This final volume is the third of the supplement and the nineteenth of the whole collection. Its contents are miscellaneous —the gleanings of the great correspondence: more than a hundred new letters by Walpole, together with a most interesting selection of those addressed *to* him by every variety of person, from the elder Pitt, at the height of his glory, to James Maclean, the highwayman. Walpole's own letters come from every period of his life. A delightful series to Sir Charles Hanbury Williams shows us the first sprightly runnings of that inimitable manner: one dip, and we are in the very middle of the eighteenth century. "My Lady Townshend," we learn, "has taken a room at Brompton to sleep in the air. After having had it eight days without having been there within six hours of the evening, she set out t'other night with Dorcas, and moveables and household stuff, and unnecessaries enough to have staid there a fortnight. Night-shifts, and drops, and her supper in a silver saucepan, and a large piece of work to do, four books, paper, and two hundred crow quills. When she came there it was quite dark: she felt her way up to her bedchamber, felt she did not like it, and felt her way down again. All this before the woman of the house could get candles. When she came down her coach was gone. . . ."

Then there are some excellent examples of the brilliant middle period: "The spring desires I would tell your Ladyship that it is waiting for you on this side of Chantilly": no one could mistake the author of that phrase. Finally, the mature virtuosity of Walpole's long old age is admirably represented. His last letter turns out not to be the famous one addressed on January 9, 1797, to Lady Ossory. Three days later the old connoisseur was able to dictate some lines to the Rev. Mark Noble. "Mr. Roscoe," he characteristically declared, "is, I think, by far the best of our historians, both for beauty of style and for deep reflections." So much for Mr. Gibbon! "I was sorry, Sir, I missed the pleasure of seeing you when you called. . . . I should have been glad to see that coin or medal you mention of Lord Arundel. . . ." And so, as is fitting, with no particular flourish—with the ordinary amenity of a gentleman, the fascinating creature passes from our sight.

Amid so much that is perfect it may seem a little ungracious to make, or rather to repeat, a complaint. But it is the very perfection that raises one's standard and sharpens one's disappointment, when expectations, satisfied so long and so continuously, are suddenly dashed. The editor is still unable to resist meddling with his text. The complete edition is incomplete, after all. Apparently, we should blush too much were we to read the whole of Walpole's letters; those privileges have been reserved to Doctor Toynbee alone. It was impossible not to hope that, after so prolonged a tête-à-tête with his author, he would relent at last;

* Supplement to the Letters of Horace Walpole. Edited with Notes and Indices by Paget Toynbee, M.A., D.Litt. Vol. III.: 1744-1797. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 12s 6d. net.)

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perhaps, in this latest volume at any rate—but no! the powers of editorship must be asserted to the bitter end; and the fatal row of asterisks and the fatal note, "passage omitted" occur, more than once, to exacerbate the reader. Surely it would have been kinder not to reveal the fact that any deletion had been made. Then one could have read on, innocent and undisturbed. As it is, when one's irritation has subsided, one's imagination, one's shocking imagination, begins to work. The question must be asked: "Do these explicit suppressions really serve the interests of the highest morality?" Doctor Toynbee reminds one of the man who . . .* But enough; for, after all, it is not the fly but the ointment that claims our attention.

And, indeed, the ointment is rare and rich, of a subtle and delicious perfume. The aroma of a wonderful age comes wafting out from these few hundred pages, and enchants our senses. Why is it that the eighteenth century so particularly delights us? Are we perhaps simply reacting against a reaction? Is the twentieth century so fond of the eighteenth because the nineteenth disliked it so intensely? No doubt that is partly the reason; but the whole truth lies deeper. Every age has a grudge against its predecessor, and generally the grudge is well founded. The Romantics and the Victorians were probably right: they had good reason to dislike the eighteenth century, which they found to be intolerably rigid, formal and self-satisfied, devoid, to an extraordinary degree, of sympathy, adventure and imagination. All this was perfectly true. A world, for instance, in which Voltaire's criticism of Hamlet, or Walpole's of Dante—"a methodist parson in Bedlam"—could be meant seriously and taken seriously would certainly have been a most depressing world to live in. The nineteenth century, very properly, revolted, broke those chains, and then—proceeded to forge others of their own invention. It is these latter chains that *we* find distressing. Those of the eighteenth century we cannot consider realistically at all; we were born—owing to the efforts of our grandfathers—free of them; we can afford to look at them romantically; we can even imagine ourselves dancing in them—stately minuets. And for the purposes of a historical vision, the eighteenth century is exactly what is wanted. What would have been, in fact, its most infuriating quality—its amazing self-sufficiency—is precisely what makes it, in retrospect, so satisfying; there hangs the picture before us, framed and glazed, distinct, simple, complete. We are bewitched by it, just as, about the year 2000, our descendants, no doubt, will cast longing eyes toward the baroque enchantments of the age of Victoria.

But, just now, to consider thus is to consider too curiously. With this book in one's hand, it is impossible to be anything but romantic: facts vanish; the hardest heart collapses before this triumph of superficial charm. There is a divine elegance everywhere, giving a grace to pomposity, a significance to frivolity, and a shape to emptiness. The English language takes on new shifts and guises. One discovers a subtle employment of *shall* and *should* as the future indicative in the formal third person singular—a truly beautiful usage, which must send a delicious shiver down the backbone of every grammarian. Nor is it only in the letters of the grand master, of Walpole himself, that these graces are evident; they are scattered everywhere over the pages of his correspondents. This is how, in those days of leisure and urbanity, a Prime Minister said, "Thank you for your kind letter":

> The impressions I am under from the honour of your letter are too sensible not to call for expression. As often as I have read it, for ('tis best to confess) I do indulge myself in the frequent repetition, I am at some loss to decide which sort of pleasure such a letter is made to excite most; that delight which springs from wit, agrément and beauty of style, or the serious and deep-felt satisfaction which the possession of so kind and honourable a Testimony must convey.

It was annoying, doubtless, to be held up by highwaymen in the Park; but there were compensating advantages; one might receive, a few days later, a letter beginning as follows:

> Sir, seeing an advertisement in the papers of to Day giveing an account of your being Rob'd by two Highway men on wednesday night last in Hyde Parke and during the time a Pistol being fired whether Intended or Accidentally was Doubtfull Oblidges us to take this Method of assuring you that it was the latter and by no means Design'd Either to hurt or frighten you.

These are unusual occasions; it is in the everyday word, the casual gesture, that one perceives, still more plainly, the form and pressure of the time. The Duchess of Bedford asks Mr. Walpole to buy a bust of Faustina for her at a sale. "If it is tolerable," she adds; and nobly makes no mention of a price. And then—"Lord Huntingdon with his Compliments sends Mr. Walpole, according to promise, a little Spanish snuff. Having left off taking any, from finding that it disagreed with him, he hopes Mr. Walpole will be so much his friend as to keep possession of his box." Could delicate suavity go further? Sometimes the ladies' pens frisk and pirouette in irresponsible fantasy. Lady Lyttelton, in a mad letter, all dashes and exclamations, seems to forestall the style of Tristram Shandy; and Miss Mary Carter—unknown to fame—winds up an epistle full of vague and farcical melancholy, with—"I will not take up more of that precious stuff of which Life is composed but to assure You that I am with great Esteem and Respect yr most Obedt Moll Volatile Evaporated."

The precious stuff of which Life is composed

* Passage omitted.

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flowed away gaily, softly, without any fuss whatever. The old letter-writer and letter-receiver, in his fortunate island, with his pens and paper, his Berrys, his gout and his memories, continued, as the century drew to its end, to survey the world with a dispassionate civility. There were changes, certainly; the French had become "a worse race than Choctaws and Cherokees"; but it hardly mattered. The young men stopped powdering their hair; even that could be met with a lifted eyebrow. Were there other, even more terrible revolutions brewing? Perhaps; but the Earl of Oxford would not heed them. Machinery? Yes, he had indeed noticed it, and observed one day to Hannah More, in his clever fashion, that it might be used for making sugar, so that by its intervention "the poor Negroes" could be saved from working. He passed on to more interesting subjects, his tranquillity unshaken; it remained unshaken to the end. He departed, happily unconscious that the whole system of his existence was doomed to annihilation—elegantly unaware of the implications of the spinning jenny.

LYTTON STRACHEY.

Dance on the Yellow Sands

THE bull-fight thrilled me less and nauseated me less than I had thought possible. I went to it with excitement and apprehension, and left it a little sickened and a little bored. What interested me most was the thing I had not heard of: the dance, the manner, the style of the fight. And once having observed this, I found it the key to the rest; for there is only one great brutality in bull-fighting, which is the episode of the picador, the wanton goring and evisceration of the horses, and this episode is wholly outside the manner in which the rest of the fight is staged. The moment the beauty of the dance on the rich yellow sands of the arena is gone, nausea intervenes; and whenever the steps of the dance falter, as they often do in the final moment when the sword fails to hit home, the bull-fight is more boring than a bad baseball game.

The dulness of the picador, seen in contrast to the delicacy of the others, is as displeasing as his brutality. The fighters with cape, short spear and sword are daintily dressed for lightness and speed. You are first aware of them as dancers when they stand tiptoe in their flat dancing slippers gesticulating with fine little movements to the bull. Everything they do has this quality of acrobatic lightness and precision, and among them are the horsemen, their legs encased in steel, an unwieldy lance for offense, and so heavy that when they topple off two men have to lift them by their shoulders because they are too heavy to regain their feet unaided. They are an anachronism, a memory of jousting, and the manner of their play is likewise. For while everything else in the fight consists of provoking and *escaping* attack, the picador simply rushes on or accepts the charge, without any effort to save himself. He is, in fact, fairly safe, and sacrifices his horse, not himself, to the bull. I omit all question of humaneness, of the ugliness which follows, and of the callous cruelty which returns the patched and blinded animals to the ring. The picador is condemned by his own lack of beauty, by his violation of the spirit of the game. There is only one moment of excitement while the horses are in action, and it fatally precedes the moment of disgust. For just as the bull charges and lifts the horse, just before you see the ghastly wound he makes, the impact on your senses is a physical excitement of the highest intensity.

The ritual of the fight, whatever one feels in it of the traditional, is attractive, hardly more. The parade of the toreadors and the salute to the President of the fight, the espada's dedication of the bull just before he advances for the final act, the way he throws his cap backward over the barrier, are among the gestures which are pleasant in themselves and please more because you instinctively recognize them as part of a formula without which the bull-fight would be lacking in grace. There is something absurdly theatrical and childish in the pose—stance—of a bull-fighter when his first thrust sinks the sword to the hilt and he holds his head back, his body tight, demanding the applause of the crowd. Even the silly ceremonies of the march round the ring, the memory of Roman games in the official sounding of trumpets, and cutting off the bull's ear as a trophy, have some of this attraction of the ritualistic and the theatrical.

Between the trivial and the terrible are the arena's few moments of real excitement and beauty, which come together so that the degree of one is the measure of the other. There is nothing beautiful in the usual first moment when the bull charges and the man runs to cover. But when the real play with the cape begins the movements are full of grace and to win applause the fighter must increase the danger to himself while he keeps perfectly in the form of his play. He kneels before the onrush of the bull, or by lifting the cape causes the animal to rear, and always for perfect style he must side-step only at the last possible moment, turning his back on the animal as he returns to the play. Always in the essential moments of the bull-fight danger and grace must go hand in hand. The positions arrive at perfection when the banderillo work begins with precisely the steps of an old ballet, and here again the danger is at its highest point because there is no cape to distract the bull and the placing of the short spears, in precisely the right places, must coincide instantly with the evasion of the charge.

Finally there is the moment when the bull-fight actually takes on the symbolic significance which its romantics claim for it. The work of the espada is the culmination of everything that went before (again excepting the picador's wearing down of the bull's energy. After he has played the bull to the point where he can be certain of the response to the movement of the red flag, the espada stands motionless before the beast, his sword poised for the thrust. Yet the bull must be made to come and meet the blow, must come head down so that the sword may find the vital spot. They are a few feet apart; without changing position the espada flutters his flag; the bull charges. There can be no evasion; the swords sinks in. And you have the highest moment of danger, the highest of manner, in one; the supreme risk of life at the very moment of dealing death.

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As drama that moment is very fine, but it stops a long way short of being tragedy. For the rest, bull-fighting is not exactly what we would call sport, since for most of us sport has to retain something of the nature of play. It is a sort of big game hunt with ritual and rules. Only the perfection with which these are observed, the grace with which hideous things are done, make it tolerable. And even these do not make it sufficiently exciting or attractive. The thing degenerates too often into mere slaughter; I did not care to go a second time. It was only interesting to find that even in bull-fighting the only pleasure was largely æsthetic, and that everything essentially cruel was also essentially ugly.

GILBERT SELDES.

Seville.

Washington Notes

AMONG the things from which observant persons derive amusement these warm days of the early summer are the squirmings and twistings forced upon some of our great and more or less glorious metropolitan journals which for nearly three years have been earnestly eulogizing Mr. Coolidge, painting and repainting the picture of him as a strong man and a wise leader. Now that the utter disregard of and distaste for him by leaders of his party, both regular and irregular, has become obvious and general, and as Republicans in one state after another register against the policies for which in his weak way he has stood, defeating candidates identified with them and him, these daily newspapers are having some little difficulty to maintain their position. By the time this appears in print this difficulty will have either been greatly augmented by the renomination of Brookhart in the Iowa primaries or at least not lessened by the victory of the aged Cummins who, if he pulls through, will have saved his political life solely by the violence with which he opposed the administration's agricultural policy—or lack of policy—and espoused the Haugen bill.

But regardless of the result of the Iowa primaries and whether Brookhart wins or loses, the fact is quite a number of these aforesaid newspapers are beginning to look a little foolish in their Coolidge support and if I am not mistaken they will look considerably more so before long. It is not easy to contend that the way in which states like Illinois, Indiana and Pennsylvania have in party primaries declared against Coolidge policies and Coolidge supporters, has not damaged Mr. Coolidge personally in prestige or popularity. That is, you cannot sustain that contention except through the admission that the President's personality is so thin and his advocacy counts for so little that he does not arouse personal antagonisms or make real enemies. In a word he is neither robust nor forceful enough to figure as a factor in these things—which, when you come down to cases, is the truth. It is, however, too much to expect his press supporters, who have committed themselves so deeply to the fictitious Calvin Coolidge, put over on us in the campaign, to offer any such explanation of the administration reverses in Congress and in the country. If they tell the truth about the President—that he has from the start won no fights except those for tax reduction and the World Court, which were—both of them—literally unlosable and won before they began; that here at the close of the session his leadership is a Senate joke and his feebleness in thought and feeling a matter of general comment by everybody in Washington close enough to have a judgment based on facts—if they tell these things then they confess to having misconceived completely the Coolidge character.

In a word it would be necessary to explain that they had made a mistake and I know of no newspaper big enough to do that except in small things. To say that the man upon whom they had lavished such extravagant praise was after all a pretty poor specimen and not really worth it, is beyond any of them, and I make no exceptions. On the other hand to continue parading Mr. Coolidge as the real leader of his party and a successful President is getting more and more absurd—so much so in fact that even the most stupid of editorial writers finds it increasingly hard. There is, too, the growing danger that the great newspaper reading public, credulous and unintelligent as it is, may in spite of propaganda and preconceived ideas, get the lesson of these party primaries and Congressional failures before the newspapers point them out, which would indeed be bad for editorial prestige and reputation. Of course the besottedly partisan organs such as the Herald-Tribune and the Curtis publications, daily and weekly, just shut their eyes these days and try to bull it through. The Saturday Evening Post in its smug and oily way continues to present cartoons of Coolidge as the schoolmaster teaching the House and Senate their governmental alphabet and birching them for not being more apt. And Brother Brisbane at regular intervals announces in all of the Hearst journals that the President is stronger than ever, that he will surely succeed himself in 1928 and probably again in 1932. I would certainly like to know the real truth about the Hearst support of this administration. I have heard some interesting speculations, the kind of things that are important if true, but I have never been able to verify them. To my mind when you reflect upon the conduct of the Hearst papers in former administrations and toward former Presidents and then consider the utterly unwavering, unshakable support given this President, the real explanation would be the most interesting possible piece of political news.

However, I concede it is one of those things not apt to be uncovered and to get back on the track—what I was about to point out was that these journalistic Coolidge greasers with curious unanimity minimize the lesser rebuffs that have been given him in the last few months and absolutely ignore the larger ones. For instance when the Indiana state convention, directed and controlled by Jim Watson, adopted resolutions denouncing the World Court and favoring the Haugen bill, there was slight mention in any Eastern paper that this was as strongly anti-Coolidge in both directions as it was possible to be. Actually the Associated Press account of the Indiana incident construed it as a Coolidge endorsement, which was about as completely unjustified a thing as I have known the Associated Press to do in a long time. At least in the Associated Press account which I read in the Wash-

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ington Post—and why I read that paper at all I don't know—the slap at Coolidge was not so much as mentioned. Nor was the real significance of the convention pointed out in any of the New York newspapers that came to my attention. I did not really know what had happened until Jim Watson returned from Indiana and began to blow around the Senate about what he had done out there. It then became too obvious for even the New York Times's correspondents not to notice and several days late that estimable publication took editorial notice of it.

If the cold and austere Senator Butler, close confidant of the President and candidate to succeed himself in Massachusetts, is puzzled by recent exhibitions of friendly feeling toward himself by certain Republican Senators who have in the past indicated no personal predilection for his society and have in fact rather avoided cultivating him as a friend, the answer is not hard to find. These gentlemen, like himself, are candidates for reëlection in their several states and they need help—particularly financial help. Long ago they gave up hope of assistance from Mr. Coolidge in the form of either the written or the spoken word. The White House spokesman has let it be clearly known that while the President will be glad to see these Republican Senators who have stood by him in the Senate returned he cannot lift a hand to help them because he might get hurt doing it. The recent returns from Pennsylvania and Indiana have naturally served to strengthen this attitude. No one now thinks he will change.

But if Mr. Coolidge won't help in one way, Senator Butler can in another. He is chairman of the National Committee and the National Committee has money. These Republican Senators up for renomination and reëlection in their respective states not only need money, but they have got to have it. If they can get through the frigid Butler a liberal donation it will go a long way toward assuaging the pain caused by the Coolidge attitude. It is well known that the National Committee ended the last campaign with a considerable surplus. It is further believed that this surplus has been augmented in the last two years not only through interest on investments, but through additional contributions that have come in. It is further known, or at least believed, that Senator Butler is in position to raise as much money as he needs or wants for campaign expenses this fall.

Colleagues of Mr. Butler in the Senate belonging to the same party believe themselves entitled to financial assistance from the committee this fall—and they don't mean maybe. The friendly little pats on the shoulder and the cordial good wishes for success in his campaign which are coming the Butler way in the Senate at this time are preliminary to a drive on him for funds. Personally I do not believe this belated show of affection for the Massachusetts Senator will produce particularly gratifying results. Some help in the form of cash will of course be forthcoming from the committee. It always has in the past, but the idea that Mr. Butler will unbelt to any extent is, I am convinced, unfounded. The reason I think so is because of the very palpable effect upon him of the resolution recently offered by the truculent Reed of Missouri on the subject of Senatorial expenditures. Catching the Republicans in a stunned state the day after the Mellon-Coolidge-Pepper defeat in Pennsylvania, Reed jammed through his broad resolution of inquiry and Senator Butler was one of the group of Republicans who, after voting the first time against the resolution, hurriedly and without dignity jumped the fence and lined up in its support on the second roll call—not a very pretty spectacle, but highly illuminating as to their feelings and fears.

I am told by friends who usually know what they are talking about that this Reed resolution and its possibilities has instilled a feeling of caution in the Butler bosom on the subject of money not heretofore harbored. Senator Butler knows—as does everyone else—that whether he is elected or not the next Senate will be controlled by the Democrats and Progressives, and that combination led by the bitter Reed would like nothing better than to heave a Republican Senator, caught violating the law in the matter of expenditures, out on his ear.

The mere idea of such a thing is enough to create caution. Word comes down here to Washington that the style of the Republican campaign in Massachusetts has been considerably cramped by a realization of the nature and scope of the Reed resolution. The notion of the boys that the Butler campaign was to be, as they crudely say in Indiana, lousy with money, has been revised. There will be plenty of money, but it will not be spent in the open-handed, carefree way that some had anticipated.

The point I am trying to make, however, is that if the Reed resolution debars Mr. Butler in his own campaign from any lavish use of money—and I think that will be its effect—certainly he is not going to dish funds out with a lavish hand in other states. Besides, any party leader who had experience with him in the 1924 campaign knows he does not let go easily. He is no Will Hays, and in my judgment it is a waste of time for his colleagues to coddle him.

Washington. T. R. B.

Fashions Change in Utopia

1760

UTOPIA consists of wide lawns, flanked by clipped chestnut trees; in the distance is a temple, preferably a ruined temple; near at hand are a few cows, imported from Arcadia. The common people, except when the cows have to be attended to, are in the background, out of sight; the place is inhabited by philosophers and nymphs. The philosophers have returned to Nature: the nymphs have returned to the philosophers. The days are long and lazy; banquets spread themselves as if by magic upon the cool lawns; and when one lies back in the grass, there are no pebbles to rasp the neck or spine. If the gardens of Versailles would take care of themselves, so that the gardeners wouldn't always be poking their loutish feet into the scene, or showing their noses through the bushes—yes, that would be Utopia.

1790

Utopia is now a street corner where middle class people can talk to their heart's content without feeling bashful or foolish. They can ride in a coach, too, if they have the courage to kick out the owners; they can also guil-

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lotine the fine rascals of both sexes who didn't pay their bills promptly. The sun looks different if you change the name of the day; the seasons are milder if you change their names; in fact, everything is transformed if you change its name. That is the great secret of the utopia of 1789: change the name, and if you believe hard enough in the power of words, everything else will change too. Just look at the classic buildings: aren't they more noble and beautiful, now that the words Liberty, Equality and Fraternity are written across the front? And isn't life almost too wonderful—for words?

1830

Utopia is a place where iron cows produce golden calves. The veterinary is called industrialism. Plenty of well filled orphanages, placed near at hand to the factories, promote efficiency; little maxims that tell the young and tender that God is Love also promote efficiency; and the essence of utopia is to build more machines so that more orphans can learn more maxims about the truths of religion and the dangers of sin. The aim of this utopia is the inculcation of evangelical protestantism and the spread of invention; they are almost the same thing. When utopia is perfected, children will be born in the factory, too, thus avoiding unnecessary transport. People live in iron houses; they go to sleep in iron beds; they even add iron to wine and beef, in order to feel happier and healthier. When embryos protest against being born into this utopia—so absent are religious sentiments in the very young—they are drawn into the world by iron forceps.

1890

Utopia has at last arrived. It includes everybody; even the capitalist is put to work as a paid servant of the state. It was all so simple. After all, utopia was almost here: didn't people have more food than ever before, more inventions, more ways of obtaining culture? To achieve utopia we needed only to switch the flow of gold from the pocket of the capitalist to the pocket of the community. The corporation has shown the way: "What's good enough for Rocky is good enough for me." Instead of a little corporation, like the Standard Oil, we'll have a big one to include everybody. The state is the Big Combine that embraces all the little combines. One day, at a regular election, held in a nice respectable way under the Constitution, we will vote the Big Combine in. It is very simple. Edward Bellamy shows how it can be done. We are just waiting for the next election.

Postcript: (Thirty years later.) We are still waiting.

1910

Utopia is the star produced by the clash of two planets called the Master Class and the Proletariat. The proletarians have been going down hill for ever so long; conditions are getting worse and worse; at last—bump!—they must reach the bottom: they will see stars then, and will know that they are in a new world. What kind of a world? Well, a new world, a nice new world. Everything is new: the telegraph is new: factories are new: electricity is new. New and good mean the same thing. Utopia is unimaginable because it is very, very new. Utopia will contain the New Man; it will also contain the New Woman; they will produce the New Marriage, which must not be confused with the old liaison; they will do the New Work, and not more than four hours of it; they will enjoy the New Art; they will learn the New History; they will understand the New Science. There will be room for everything new, except the new rich (all-rightniks) and the New Republic.

1918

Utopia is the War, carried on in a big way, long after the fighting is done. Everyone is registered; everyone takes intelligence tests; everyone is trained; everyone is shown his place; everyone gets food; everyone is entitled to shelter; and young females that belong to Old Families may talk to and flirt with desirable males in uniform without being suspected of performing anything besides a patriotic duty. Everyone is better off than before; because each gives his all to the country. The workman is better off than before: he gets fifteen dollars a day instead of three; the financier is better off than before: he gets fifteen millions instead of one. At the top of society is a corps of trained intellects, consisting of college professors, ex-newspaper men, pragmatic philosophers, real estate brokers and transatlantic cardsharps who see that everything is done for the greatest good of the whole. Everyone has a stake in the country; whether it is a big stake or a little one depends upon how much you love your country, and whom you know.

1923

Utopia consists of you and me, and a bottle of bootleg whiskey still slightly flavored with the original carbolic acid. Under the influence of the whiskey, you are finally able to forget that even I exist, and I similarly manage to forget you. We have solved our social problem by eliminating society. We can now go back and begin all over again.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Defense of Desolation

Patiently poverty will tarnish
This old house if it is left alone;
If riches' brushes, suave with varnish,
Will somehow miss this moss, and the cracked stone,
Through which the green grass bursts, can but be saved
From those glib tools so keen to bevel,
Block and glaze, so sharp to plane all waved
And beautiful unevenness, to level
Alders into hedges and gentians to a lawn.
May those, who ruin with repair, be drawn
Down other roads, here may old metals
Rust like the sumach, let this sodden crust
Of brown, rain-honeyed eaves green over with the petals
Of the roof-flowers' slow rosettes, and through this dust
Loose many-footed mildew's tufted tread.
What though the living leave it? How the dead
Will love the gray and silver skeleton
Of their once golden home, and, terrifying none,
Return to whisper, till the beams and slanting posts,
As boughs with lilacs, blossom with their small, white ghosts.

WINIFRED WELLES.

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The Bandwagon

Proof of Divine Guidance

DeMille is probably the one director in all the movies who consciously or unconsciously believes in an outside Inspiration Force that works, in some mystic fashion, with his own brain. When he acknowledged Divine Guidance in filming The Ten Commandments, there was considerable loud laughter over it. The scoffers didn't laugh so loud when The Ten Commandments made more money than any other picture ever filmed.

—Motion Picture Magazine, June.

Astounded at His Own Moderation

Governor A. Harry Moore made his 150th speech since January yesterday. The Governor estimated that since he became Chief Executive of the state on the first of the year he has spoken nearly one-third of a million words. He receives many invitations to make speeches, but as a rule accepts only three a day.

—New York Times.

Slight Mishap Mars Gala Occasion

The massed thousands waiting in Broadway for the Swedish Crown Prince heard the blare of brass, saw a fluttering purple pennon and pushed forward with the cry, "Here he comes!" Around the corner, amid cheers, swept a gorgeous band panoplied in violet uniforms encrusted with gold and brass. Its banner bore the phrase "Uneeda Bakers."

—New York Evening Post.

Onward and Upward

Through the motion picture we are bettering living conditions everywhere, especially in the small towns. No longer does the girl in Sullivan, Ind., guess as to what the styles are going to be in three months. She knows—because she sees them on the screen.

—Mr. Will H. Hays.

Hang Your Clothes On a Hickory Limb

Houston, Texas, May 16.—Resolutions adopted by the Southern Baptist Convention at its closing session last night condemned "general mixed bathing" as harmful and blighting to our spiritual life.

—Associated Press.

Origin of the Delayed Triple Pass

President Coolidge was a wise football counselor in his Amherst College days, and possessed a keen football knowledge. Although not a player, his frequent suggestions made him one of my wisest football counselors.

—Parke H. Davis.

Honi Soit in the South Sea Islands

"Aloma do not live with white man—every night she go home to her grandmother."

—Miss Gilda Gray's new movie.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Conference for Peace

SIR: The Concord Conference for Peace Leadership will be held from June 19 to July 4. This conference was initiated by the Fellowship of Youth for Peace "for the advantage of students and others of intelligence and good will who desire to improve their knowledge of the complex facts and causes of conflicts in international society, recognizing that a sound understanding of economic facts and psychological forces is the basis of any constructive or successful leadership and of all hope to realize the ideal of a world without war." Its purpose is to study in a dispassionate and thorough-going manner the economic and psychological forces driving the nations toward conflict; problems of American foreign policy; regions of international antagonism; and methods of insuring peace.

Headquarters for the conference will be in the historic Wright Tavern at Concord, Massachusetts. The Conference is planned for young people—students and young workers—although anyone is welcome to come out for any session. It is in the hands of an intercollegiate committee and delegates are expected from most of the colleges and universities in New England, as well as a few from greater distances.

I shall be glad to give any further details, and should be addressed at 6 Byron Street, Boston, Mass. Miriam Keeler,
Secretary, The Fellowship of Youth for Peace.
Boston, Mass.

A Patient of Psychoanalysis

SIR: Permit a patient to speak on psychoanalysis.

I smashed up pretty well in college, and was sent to see a Doctor B., a general practitioner who was handling abnormal cases. He made me tell him all the vile things I knew about myself, and gave me some sound advice, but feeling that I needed deeper study, he sent me to his private sanitarium to be gone over carefully by a Doctor W., a specialist just out from Belleview.

The sanitarium was delightful, and the "ticks" amusing, but I didn't get much action out of Doctor W. Finally one morning he clasped his hands behind his head and yawned. Then he said: "Oh, I guess you are sane enough. You can usually spot insanity by a certain look. I knew you were sane the first time I saw you."

Believe me, I sat up straight. I had never even suspected that my sanity was under question, and it gave me a lot to think over. I caught the very next means of transportation home, which happened to be a rickety old steamer, and on which I went through some of the weirdest moments of my life.

Doctor B. was disgusted, and he sent me off to the tall timber, lending me at the same time a copy of Du Bois's Psychic Treatment of Nervous Disorders which was a real help. Probably it is obsolete now.

Several years later I was in trouble again. The family doctor sent me to a specialist, "smart as a whip . . . just the man to help you." This man, Doctor T., listened patiently while I dug up some more rotten things about myself, though I objected to going over for the third time what I had gone over before, and which he got from Doctor B.'s notes. He was kindly but that was all. It was like talking into a fog . . . not even an echo. He gave me no advice, and like the family doctor, knew in turn "just the man" to help me. Apparently I wasn't quite the kind of case he treated. This last man, I believe, was to make me over psychologically. I don't really know. He never got the chance to try it. And I remember walking part way home and cursing Doctor T. for a quitter, for I was in desperate straits and he plainly didn't expect to see me hold down a job again.

"Buck passers," all of them. It is always someone else who treats your special trouble . . . "a very brilliant man . . . stands very high." And this digging up all the vile things in your past is a hideous experience not to be gone into lightly. There are some things we want to forget, especially when they are of the abnormal, and this forgetting is not necessarily repression.

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I think this attitude of empty gesture is true generally of psychologists, though of course with exceptions. I remember the professor in my college days was always on the point of saying something very important, but the period would close and it was still unsaid. The textbook was the same . . . something significant was always just ahead, but it fled as I turned the page.

It is thus that chronic invalids are made . . . passed from one doctor to another in the vain hope of help that is promised and then withheld. The bill, however, is prompt.

I saw that cure for me lay in my own determination, and I set my teeth and stuck it out. I have not been to an M. D. since (7 years), and I never expect to go again, for I have found a newer and somewhat plainer school of therapy where the simple obligation of giving something for the compensation received is felt more keenly, who believe in first of all putting the human machine in good mechanical order. For me at least, "Mens sana in corpore sano" has proved to be true.

EDWIN S. PARKER.

Boston, Mass.

Russia and the Feminist

SIR: In reading the interesting articles that have recently been appearing in the New Republic concerning the problems of the professional or industrial woman worker who is also a wife and mother, it has seemed strange to me that no reference has been made to Russia, where there is a definite attempt on rather a wide scale to solve some of these difficulties.

One of my Russian friends who studied law here twenty years ago when her own children were in school, and who is still practicing law in Leningrad, tells me that she thinks the Russian regulations concerning women workers are among the best in their code, which is famous for its innovations in social legislature. Certainly some of their experiments in coöperative living reveal the waste involved in the maintenance of individual homes.

Would not some American student of sociology, after the requisite investigation here, like to write a thesis on the contribution of Soviet Russia toward the solving of the problems of the married woman worker? ANNA J. HAINES.

Moscow, Russia.

The Coal Miner's Job

SIR: In the New Republic for March 31 occurs this sentence, in an editorial: "Mining coal is at best a difficult and exhausting form of labor, requiring skill and some natural aptitude."

In all seriousness and honesty I want to ask the writer of that line if he is familiar with miners of coal?

I have lived all my life (with frequent excursions!) in a region where coal mining was and is the only industry. Mining *is* "difficult and exhausting"—in the sense that any work with pick and shovel may be so called. If it required "skill" and "aptitude," 90 percent of the men engaged in it would never get the job, much less be able to keep it. The miners comprise, and always have comprised with few exceptions the "unintelligent" class. The haunting fear of the Mine Boss and the Fire Boss is that some apt and skilful miner will disobey through sheer ignorance the simplest rules of safety, and cause death and disaster in the mine.

Apropos of this is the ever-discussed matter of wages. Yesterday I saw the pay-sheet of a mine in Westmoreland County (Pennsylvania) employing about 500 men, at the "1917 scale," and the average pay is $66—about $135 per month—cash, after house rent and fuel has been deducted. (There is no "Company Store" at the plant.) Now this is far from luxury—but it could hardly be called starvation wages. It is quite safe to say that men of the intelligence of those employed here could not earn as much at any other job. This mine runs steadily—there has been no shut-down for some years.

As everyone knows, the capacity of the mines of the country is three to four times the demand for coal. What is the remedy?

CHARLES W. BOWMAN.

Brownsville, Penna.

Instalment Buying

SIR: I would like to make a comment on the last paragraph of Mr. Taylor's letter, which appeared in your issue of May 12.

The distinction between the re-investment of earnings in order to cheapen productive processes, and the mere expansion of plant, is of little account. Both result in the inflation of purchasing power.

Credit, or funds, used in the expansion of business or the modernizing of plant, result in a debt being charged up against *future* products as overhead. We have to remember, however, that the community as a whole is only solvent when the purchasing power, which as a credit or loan gave birth to the debt, is still in existence. Under our present system, however, an immediate increase of purchasing power without a simultaneous and corresponding increase in the quantity of consumable goods available, results in the withdrawal and cancelation of the increment, through the medium of inflated prices.

In due course, the modernized plant begins to function, distributing further purchasing power as well as producing consumable goods. In the course of price fixing, the *past debt* has to be taken into consideration as well as present charges. As the past transaction resulted only in the cancelation of the purchasing power and left the debt unpaid and charged up against future—which are now present—products, the present flow of purchasing power is not sufficient to cancel out a price which includes present charges plus past debt.

This lag between flow of prices and flow of purchasing power is the monkey wrench embedded amongst the cogs of the present system of cost accounting and price fixing. It is hinted at and to some extent illustrated by Foster and Catchings in their book Profits, and fully demonstrated by C. H. Douglas and the Social Credit Movement of Great Britain in their various publications.

W. DIAMOND.

Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

A Feminist Wants to Know

SIR: Your correspondent, Doris Fox Benardete, in discussing The Confessions of an Ex-Feminist, offers the "solutions" reached by two of her married friends: "'Dora M.' has not left her home since she became a mother. But she radiates sufficient vitality and genuine interest in what is of importance in the world to transform her very unassuming home into an attractive meeting-place for the best minds of her community." May I point out that "vitality and interest" are not sufficient to attract the best minds of some communities; that Dora M. has surely had some means of getting acquainted besides the mere possession of vitality and interest, and is probably endowed with unusual personal charm. All the vitality and interest in my possession, and I have considerable, has never attracted to my unassuming home the best minds of Passaic, if indeed there are any! Moreover, being the charming hostess of a distinguished salon seems to some of us a rather superficial "solution."

The other friend, Julia P., does her own housework "without the aid of maids or other social nuisances." But scrubbing floors is no solution, merely an evasion, an attempt to keep the hands busy that the head and heart may forget. Neither is a good maid to be sniffed at if one can afford one—I have never tried the "other social nuisances," whatever they may be. Julia P. also educates her two children herself, attends lectures, theatres and art exhibitions, and reads widely. Truly a woman of as fabulous energy as Dora is of fabulous charm!

Neither of these women has found a solution that will satisfy the woman who wants a real job for her mind that will help pay for the drudgery of the home. Miss (or Mrs.) Benardete suggests finally, "If cooking, cleaning and child-rearing do not offer her sufficiently creative opportunities, why does not Mrs. W. devote the very little leisure at her disposal in trying to excel in some hitherto neglected field adapted to her personality?" Exactly! Such as what? That is what we want to know!

MYRA MARINI.

Passaic, N. J.

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The Art of Thought

The Art of Thought, by Graham Wallas. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 314 pages. $2.75.

THERE are at least three ways of reading Mr. Wallas's last book. Each way would determine its own standard of judgment, and the application of the different standards would yield divergent judgments as to its value. It may be read as a series of essays, half-literary and half-psychological, having to do with thinking, its direction and improvement; its psychic relatives such as emotion, habit; and its successes and failures. Upon the whole, one would then judge it a reasonably happy blend of literature and science, neither great letters nor profound science, but always readable, often sagacious, still more often suggestive, with a sufficient store of nuggets to be retained as treasures, though without penetrating insights that cleave to the heart of the subject. That is to say, as an essayist, he is not an Emerson, nor as a psychologist, a William James. As a literary document, the book suggests the card index too much (there must be three hundred names cited in the index), and the same quality makes it rather scrappy as a work of science.

One who knows Mr. Wallas's interest in politics and who is aware of our author's sense of the intimate connection of social control and organization with the primary facts of human nature might read the book in quite another way. By The Art of Thought such a one would understand the method by which intelligence may be brought to bear analytically and systematically upon the conduct of social life. Such an expectation is fostered not only by the reputation of Mr. Wallas, but by the opening passages of the book itself. They appear in the synoptic table of contents in this form: "Men have recently increased their power over Nature, without increasing the control of that power by thought. We can make war more efficiently, but cannot prevent war; we can explore the world, but cannot contrive an inter-racial world-policy; and the same want of intellectual control exists, within each nation, in politics, philosophy and art."

If there are any who read this book, they will, if they persist in so interpreting it, surely be disappointed. The first sentences of the book arouse the expectation, but the same sentences taken in their context explain the lack of its fulfillment. "It is a commonplace that, during the last two centuries, men have enormously increased their power over nature without increasing the control of that power by thought. In the sphere of international and interracial relations, our chemists and engineers are now contriving, by technical methods whose subtlety would have been inconceivable to our grandfathers, plans for the destruction of London and Paris; but when French and British statesmen meet to prevent those plans from being put into operation, they find it no easier than would the leaders of two Stone Age tribes to form a common purpose." Placed where it is, the passage seems to set forth the problem of the book. But the cue is misleading. For it is obvious that there is an art of thought in matters of physical science or technology, and that the antithesis between control of nature and power of thought is, in that respect, wholly false. What is lacking, from the standpoint of this problem, is simply an art of thought with respect to human affairs comparable with that already attained in physical matters. This contrast raises an interesting problem, probably the most important problem which the world now faces. Is there a legitimate possibility of an art of social thought which is one with increase of control, or is the idea a dream? If it is a legitimate possibility, how is it to be realized?

Such a question, however, is in no sense a psychological problem. The development of natural science is not due to the fact that individual thinkers have learned a better intimately personal art of managing their own thoughts. It is due to the formation of an objective technique of instruments and external procedures together with the accumulation of prior results which direct from without the growth of pertinent problems and fruitful hypotheses. But it is the personal and psychological problem alone with which Mr. Wallas deals. There is no approach to a consideration of the political and economic conditions which stand in social affairs in the way of the development of methods of objective intellectual behavior employing means which almost automatically direct the thoughts of individuals as such. Mr. Wallas is concerned not with this objective control, but with the control which individual thinkers can achieve inside their own minds.

It would not be fair to Mr. Wallas to say that his psychological standpoint is wholly introspective and internal. But it is, I think, both fair and pertinent to say that his interest is pedagogical. And the reader and critic who take the book from this point of view will, it seems to me, judge it in its proper perspective. Mr. Wallas, as everybody knows, is an old and highly successful teacher. It would seem as if an interest in the working of the minds of students and in the ways by which these mental workings can be rectified ought to be capable of being taken for granted as existing in all teachers. Unfortunately such an interest is rare. Mr. Wallas has it in a marked degree, and I mistake not this book is the outcome of that interest and those who approach it from this angle will not be disappointed. For Mr. Wallas does not conceive that "study" is simply coming into possession of the ideas and facts stated by others, much less their words. He takes it to mean independent, which is original and creative, thought. He has generalized his pedagogical interest, and attempted to outline the processes which productive thinkers actually employ. In Chapter Four he gives the gist of his conclusions. There are two stages of thinking, the first and last, which are capable of the more formal and conscious regulation, and two which are less so. Preparation, the first stage, is the period of accumulating knowledge, defining or deliberately laying out the field, employing rules of search in amassing and classifying material, and in breaking it up into definite problems. Then comes a period of incubation, which is a period of voluntary abstention from conscious mental work on the material and problems which have eventuated in the first stage. The third stage is called "illumination," the appearance of flashes of insight, which is followed by that of "verification," where again conscious or deliberate effort comes into play. Among the most suggestive remarks of Wallas are those which concern "intimation" as a sub-process of the "illumination" stage; that is, the phase of the rising or dawning of some fringe association. Wallas points out a considerable part of the success of original thinkers is due to ability to grasp and hold these transitory and shadowy intimations.

The reading public is so dominated by labels that there is perhaps some danger that The Art of Thought will not find the audience where it can be most useful. It ought to be in the hand of teachers, especially in the hands of teachers of teachers and of those in training to be teachers in normal schools and colleges. It is hardly systematic

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enough for a text, but it would be valuable collateral reading. For American students, the emphasis upon the need of leisurely incubation, of allowing the mind free play without too conscious painful control, of adventuring in that border-ground just this side of mere fancy where most original ideas are born, is of especial value.

JOHN DEWEY.

Midas and Balaam

Midas, or The United States and the Future, by C. H. Bretherton. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 88 pages. $1.

IN his preface Mr. Bretherton disclaims the attitude of the young poetess whose elegant lines he quotes:

I hate washing dirty plates.
I hate the United States.

He succeeds, nevertheless, fairly well in dissembling his love. He endeavors to maintain the tone of enlightened and challenging persiflage which characterizes the Today and Tomorrow Series, but his high notes are a trifle flat. For example: "More books on natural history, botany and country life generally are published every year in England than have been published in the United States since the Mayflower landed there." Or again: "The American woman's output of poetry, fiction and ephemeral literature is not one-fifth in proportion to the total output of that of [sic] the English woman." One might attribute such remarks to a pardonable curiosity on the author's part as to how much he can get away with, but when we find him asserting that the state legislatures in the election of United States Senators "have in most cases become the mere mouthpieces through which the choice of the people is confirmed" his passing over the Seventeenth Amendment suggests that ignorance rather than impudence may be the origin of other obiter dicta.

Mr. Bretherton humorously insists on regarding the American as a single entity, subject to infinite generalization. He invokes the time-worn joke of American pie and dyspepsia, which afflicts "three out of five Americans," and is the prime cause of American divorce, and the molder of the American speech and physiognomy. At times, however, his analysis is sound and his conclusions reasonable. He sees the melting-pot doing its work effectively and eliminating the racial differences which at present divide the various immigrant groups. With the checking of immigration the demand for labor will scatter the Negroes over the country, where they will be more easily assimilated amid a population drawn largely from races which are more tolerant of color than the Anglo-Saxon. Meanwhile environment will slowly differentiate the men of the North, the South, the Middle and the Far West, although Mr. Bretherton sees this process retarded by ease of travel and change of residence. The old Anglo-Saxon priority, however, is gone forever. Its last triumph was getting the country into the War. Mr. Bretherton prophesies, we may hope truly, that the American people will never "allow themselves to take sides in a European squabble. For America the Great War was a war to end war."

In holding up the case for the unity of the subject about which he argues Mr. Bretherton finds the great motive force in the United States to be money making, which expresses itself in the domination of Big Business. From these results an atrophy of individual and collective intelligence which reduces America to such manifestations of herd instinct as give plausibility to his hypothesis. In regard to the narcotic effect of money making on the mind we should be glad indeed to think that he was indulging in provocative hyperbole. "The most striking thing about the young Americans of today is that they know nothing and have no ideas of their own." "The American does not want to think and is rapidly forgetting how to think." In place of thought on public affairs he falls back on mass action in setting up machinery for passing laws; and for his personal interests he needs only "the brains that stimulate immediate action or are called into use by the immediate need of action." When these brains are tired they call for the intoxication of mass sports or jazz music.

The power that is enthroned in the hearts of Americans and which controls their lives is Big Business. The American political system was devised at a time when the average citizen had time to pay attention to politics. Now that money making absorbs his interest the system is left to professional politicians. Their inefficiency and corruption ought to be obnoxious to Business and Mr. Bretherton sees the god decreeing everywhere government by managers and commissions chosen by competitive examination. Unfortunately this playful optimism may be misplaced. Big Business finds the present democratic system so perfectly adapted to its profit that it will be long before it consents to abandon it. Mental tests are far from affording such assurance of corruptibility as an education in practical politics. For the rest, Big Business put over prohibition, and when it decides that fundamentalism will increase the productive efficiency of the workers it will enact the Bible as written into a law of belief. The American will accept the law and break it whenever it suits him. Inasmuch as breaking it, however, like getting a drink, involves taking thought, he will ultimately conform, remaining both orthodox and dry in order to reserve his mental processes for money making.

The most important aspect of the future of the United States is its relation to that of the rest of the world. Mr. Bretherton asserts in his introduction that his purpose is "far less to draw a picture of the United States as they will appear at some future date as [than] to demonstrate why and how they are diverging from the channels in which our European civilization flows into others that are or will be exclusively their own." He sees America as the great storehouse of capital, the money lender of the world; and he sees America as the protagonist of the culture of the machine age. "If we venture to think it will be the Americans who first begin to give real artistic expression to the machine-run, gadget-studded, power-controlled civilization-by-numbers to which the modern world seems hopelessly committed, it is . . . because they have already acquired or are about to acquire the outlook and temper and habit of mind of the machine age." In the pessimistic moment of concluding his book he recognizes that "Europe is moving in the same direction as America"—in which case there will be no divergence in the civilization of the future, and the United States will have no channels which are exclusively its own.

There is, however, another possibility. The force which American civilization exerts upon the world may not be attraction, but rather repulsion. It is perhaps with a carefully dissimulated intention to strengthen this repulsion that Mr. Bretherton raises a shrill cry of warning. He remembers that "People at long periods get fed up with

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civilization . . . and lose interest in it, and begin first to mark time and then to move backwards toward a less complicated and exacting life." It is true he believes that it is in the United States that this revolt will come, "because there the breaking strain will be reached, the tyranny of a power-driven civilization become intolerable." Do not the signs read rather that it is in Europe, in countries like Great Britain and Germany where the industrial system has nearly run its course, where physical resources are approaching exhaustion, that the revolution will occur? There are no barbarians beyond the frontier ready to rush in, but there is an immense class-conscious proletariat preparing to enter into the inheritance which their industry has established. It is impossible to believe that the system of private capital will not give way in Europe long before it does in America, and that some form of socialization of resources and production will be adopted at the command of the stern law of survival. The most challenging aspect of the future is the possible confrontation of capitalistic machine-driven America by a socialized Europe, and it is one about which we can imagine Mr. Bretherton writing with provocative gusto.

Then we shall have the drama of the divided Roman Empire, with the difference that the Byzantine portion will be in the West. Across the sea, within the limits of the permitted quota, will come to our shores the die-hard upholders of the old order—not the courts and parliaments of Lord Rosebery's vision, but the financial establishments following their movable capital, and noble families bringing their welcome titles to give prestige to American plutocracy, and seeking an easily granted renewal of their privileged status. They will find, as in the Constantinople of Justinian, a fundamentalist Christianity established by legislation, and a vast body of laws whose codification may well employ the trained minds among them for centuries. Those who have not been able to save their wealth from confiscation will find open doors of opportunity in the various forms of bootlegging which a vast system of prohibitions of all sorts will make profitable. Judging from our experience with immigration in the past, particularly of the erstwhile privileged classes, we must not look for any great contribution to our culture from their coming. Environment and Americanization missions will speedily bring them to our level. Through its various liens on Europe, however, the United States will have the power to bring to its palaces and museums most of the movable pictures and statues and thus become the repository of traditional art. It will develop the art of its own of which Mr. Bretherton sees the germs in the skyscraper and jazz, an art expressive of the ideals of religion and pleasure which animate us. The financial obligations of Europe will more and more have to be discharged by the active consumption of goods on the spot; and we shall develop a special class of high livers and free spenders to board in European pensions and eat out the bill. But the American, as Mr. Bretherton notes, is not attractive to the European except as an economic abstraction, and he will be less so when he is identified with a social order which Europe has repudiated, when he is more or less consciously a counter-revolutionist. Then we may expect the barrier of exclusion laws, drawn on the model which we have furnished, to emphasize the separation of West from East. Isolation is the true tragedy of King Midas, of the touch which turned every object, even the best loved, to gold—and it is a tragedy scarcely relieved by the comedy of the asses' ears.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Voltaire Nobly Presented

Voltaire, by Richard Aldington. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 278 pages. $2.50.

RARELY does a volume achieve its purpose more completely than this volume which begins the series of the Republic of Letters. "The aim of the writer is to provide a guide-book to the continent of Voltaire. This is a series devoted to men of letters: therefore Voltaire will be investigated more as a man of letters, as an artist in words, and less as a political and social influence." Consequently the volume is split in two. The first half, which is biographical, serves simply as an introduction to the second, which is an able assessment of the worth of Voltaire's writings to the modern-minded man. If one agrees with the author that "the facts of biography and personality are immutable" while "the writings change as we change," and is inclined with him to be suspicious of those "who are more interested in literary personality than in literature," this book will be commended as the best single volume on Voltaire in English. And even if one should disagree, as does the present reviewer, it is difficult to point to any more fascinating English presentation of this man who, as Mr. Aldington says, "attained a prestige and influence which has perhaps never been the lot of any other man whose power was the intangible one of words."

Mr. Aldington knows his Voltaire through and through—not only his pamphlets and letters, which are immortal, but his histories, his dramas, his occasional poems and even his epics. His acquaintance with him has mellowed his own style, but has not captured it. I am prepared to doubt whether any Frenchman could introduce Voltaire to English readers with so much suavity and charm as Mr. Aldington has done. His own style is a perfect bridge between the somewhat cynical lucidity of Voltaire and the forthright optimism of ourselves. Indeed—and what praise could be higher—Mr. Aldington's style is so delightful and so much his own that one does not feel irritated when he allows himself an occasional derogatory comment on Voltaire's. He does not differ greatly from the best opinion on Voltaire, except perhaps that he rates his poetic gifts more highly than most Englishmen, but he skilfully keeps accepted judgment from being trite.

The reviewer notes that Mr. Aldington feels that Voltaire dominates our time more than Chateaubriand, who temporarily usurped his throne. While that judgment would be difficult to dispute, do not pragmatism and impressionism seem rather more akin to the romanticism for which Chateaubriand stood than to the rationalism of Voltaire? Mr. Aldington's "Vicisti, Ferniense" is perhaps as premature as the famous cry which suggested it. One finds himself, at least, more whole-heartedly agreeing that Voltaire's prose "possesses qualities which have escaped from most prose of our time, qualities by no means incompatible with modernity of thought and outlook, possibly more suitable to it than the facetious barbarisms of America and the yet more deplorable jargon of our [British] newspapers." When Mr. Aldington points out that while "for us the disparity between human idealism and the crass realities of daily life is a sad and humiliating spectacle, it filled Voltaire with chuckling delight" because "Voltaire saw only the idea, not the spectacle," one is inclined to believe that in the present "awkward alliance of the ideology of Rousseau with the rationalism and utilitarianism of Voltaire and the encyclopædists," it is not

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the deepest in Rousseau that has been conquered. It might, however, be said with truth that the genuine humanitarianism of Voltaire cannot come to its own in a volume like this, where his writings have too much drowned his deeds. Indeed his personal qualities of revengefulness, of vanity, of loyalty and magnanimity when his heart was deeply involved, of genuine religious feeling, are overshadowed by his more literary qualities. But by the poise of its judgment, the aptness of its style, the modesty and thoroughness of its scholarship, this book proves that it is quite possible to combine beauty with accuracy, to interest without misrepresenting. It is, after all, as a writer rather than as a man that Voltaire has most influenced the world. Notwithstanding his declaration that "the greatest privilege of a human being is to be able to do good," it is not at all impossible that brilliance counted more with him than righteousness. Only it must be noted that his brilliance never betrayed his convictions.

If the other volumes in the Republic of Letters are of this grade of excellence, many of us who are denied full citizenship therein will be glad to learn that tolerance and urbanity which may entitle us to settle in its colonies.

A. W. VERNON.

The American Year Book

The American Year Book, a Record of Events and Progress. Year 1925. Editor: Albert Bushnell Hart. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1158 pages. $7.50.

FOR ten years, 1910-1919, the American Year Book appeared annually. Publication was then suspended, and has only now been resumed, the "generous interest" of Mr. Adolph Ochs of the New York Times having, according to the preface, "smoothed away difficulties"—a statement which undoubtedly means more than it says. The new volume is a fat tome of more than eleven hundred pages, recording the past twelve months' progress in almost every conceivable phase of American life compactly, clearly and so far as this ignorant and trusting reader can see, accurately. The volume is produced with the collaboration of forty-five learned societies, including all you ever heard of; each of these has appointed a representative to insure accuracy in its own field, and these in turn have been assisted by other authorities to a truly grand total of 256. Politics, economics, social conditions, science, education, literature, art, the drama, music, are all reported; from these pages you may learn of developments in radio, the best movies of 1925, notable activities of women, discoveries in medicine, progress in all other sciences, the year's labor legislation, achievements of all welfare organizations, earthquakes, landslides, foreign relations, the army and navy, free speech and the status of the secondary school. There is a chronology, an index and a startlingly long list of important persons who died during the twelvemonth—so long that one wonders, looking at it, how we are ever to get the work of the world done without them.

It may be surmised that I have not read the book I am reviewing. I haven't: though I have spent some fascinated hours dipping into it jackhornerishly here and there. I have read quite enough, however, to feel justified in asserting that the American Year Book must be added to that six-inch shelf which the working editor, and others like him, finds actually indispensable—a list which at present just about begins and ends with the World Almanac, Who's Who in America and the New York Times Index.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Recent Fiction

It's Not Done, by William C. Bullitt. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

MR. BULLITT, known for his mission to Russia during the Peace Conference and his despatches from Washington to the Philadelphia Public Ledger during the War, has written a first novel that is interesting as an indiscreet book of memoirs may sometimes be. In narrating the life of John Courcy of Chesterbridge, he has boldly patchworked in incidents and facts long known to the gossips of Philadelphia and Washington, and familiar to the faithful of Town Topics elsewhere. But he has created no solid or beautiful characters, and does not quite succeed on either of his two themes, the degeneration of the Chesterbridge aristocracy before the rising might of commerce in society and politics, and the tragedy of physical mismating. A hang-over of snobbishness blurs the author's view of the good old snobs who drew lines between what is and isn't done. He sees them firm, one suspects, long after the slipping process has begun. The vulgar rich are done in natural flesh; while with the most generous intentions, the single communist has sawdust and sugar stuffing. He has boldness and even courage in describing numerous sex encounters; his dramatic use of conversation is excellent; at least two of the scenes between Courcy and his wife are memorable and poignant; he has more sophistication than most, but not enough to make an artist. It remains a journalist's novel.

M. E.

If Today Have No Tomorrow, by Olive Gilbreath. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

IT is a feat of courage for an Anglo-Saxon novelist to invade Russia, the seat of the greatest of all novelists. This feat has been accomplished with notable success in the case of Mr. Hugh Walpole's The Dark Forest, and now again in the present novel. Miss Gilbreath has in her foreground an English family, for generations domiciled in Russia; and through its head, Michael Acar, she carries us into a society which is reminiscent of Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky and Chekhov. It is a society in dissolution, the revolution already hammering at its gates. In this journalistic aspect of her story Miss Gilbreath is close to her material, and has abundant corroborative detail which she uses skilfully to contribute to the massive impression of a gigantic and ornate edifice of civilization going down before a flood of humanity. A reader may look askance at Michael's loves, of the flesh and of the spirit, and return the verdict of not proven; but he will do so doubtfully, with a sense that after all the explosive force of revolution looses all bonds and breaks all patterns.

R. M. L.

They Had to See Paris, by Homer Croy. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.

FRAMED photos of Lincoln, Ford and Roosevelt hung on the walls of the Pawnee garage in Clearwater, Oklahoma, were the symbol of Pike Peters's love, his Rotarian ambition, his restless American energy; looking at them he dilated with that delicious stirring of the spirit after things fine and indefinable, called among the more self-conscious, beauty. But Notre Dame, the Louvre—when he struck it rich in oil and was dragged off to Europe by his wife and daughter to ape the foreign gen-

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try—the Louvre and Versailles, the manners of the Old World, themselves works of art, expressed nothing of his dream. He was glad to get home and avoid entangling alliances. Though Mr. Croy makes his loose-jointed, gangling hero sympathetic as well as pathetic, even lovable, perhaps—the writing is solid and competent—the impression fades too quickly. Is it a defect of Pike's shrewd honest excellence?—he dreams, but his dream is so limited, so rude, so inarticulate. R. M.

Cover Charge, by Cornell Woolrich. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.

COVER CHARGE is that miracle, a novel about jazzland which does not attempt to save your soul by preaching. Jazzland, visualized as a complete orbit of human existence, has about as much reality as fairyland, and it is, therefore, not surprising to find the story and characters of Cover Charge only a shade more convincing than those of Hans Andersen. Nevertheless, Mr. Woolrich achieves a work that is frequently art and hardly such cheap sophisticated journalism as the first thirty pages suggest. Partly, this is due to observations that reveal an ironical understanding of modernity, more largely to the very young and brilliant author's sang-froid of description, which stares the potential critic out of countenance and—criticism. Mostly, however, it is his diaphanous puppetry that interests, the picture of a heap of flies madly struggling for sweets. J. W. G.

The Pride of The Town, by Dorothy Walworth Carman. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.

ON the three hundred and sixty-fifth page of this entertaining narrative, Hypatia and Christopher Kellogg, poet and musician, are declared the pride of a little town which had done its utmost, by means of Presbyterianism, a bottle factory, the order of Loyal and United Reindeer, the mummery of various civic organizations, and the taboos of local society, to destroy their attachment to the pagan muses. Mrs. Carman's book again indicts that arch-villain of current American fiction, Main Street, located for her purpose in Standish, Massachusetts. It is unfortunate that Mrs. Carman did not depend upon her evident gift for ingenious satirical character-drawing to win the case for Christopher and Hypatia; this New England Main Street, often pictured with buffoonish exaggeration, is too reminiscent of a witch-burning epoch to be plausible in the present decade. J. R.

Mary Glenn, by Sarah G. Millin. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.

LIKE God's Stepchildren, Sarah Gertrude Millin's latest novel is set in South Africa, and deals with a losing struggle against birthright. But the problem of Mary Glenn, being purely individual, is common to all races and all places.

Mary Glenn's handicap was less tangible than a dark skin and less objective than a social barrier. Her real tragedy was not that she, a girl of more than average personal endowments, was born to that miserable No Man's Land between upper and lower middle classes. That accident she could have overcome, if only her desire to do so had been less convulsive. But by the heat of her resentment, and the intensity of her determination, she was doomed to thwart her own efforts. Inner anger distorted her outlook, poisoned all her contacts; scorn for the path of least resistance drove her to avoid the one step by which she might have risen. In the end she found that by her very attempt to keep life from cheating her she had robbed herself. This understanding came as a last ordeal; so that utter defeat and inner victory were simultaneous.

The account of her struggle is not a performance to sit back and applaud; it involves the reader too painfully. Yet even while inflicting its bitter distress, it carries an antidote of faith: faith in the possibilities of authorship; faith in the vigor of one's own reactions, though they be sluggish opposite nine-tenths of our current literature. Its economy, its unerring drive, its poignancy leave you groping for some word less effusive than "perfection." B. G.

The City

The City, by Robert E. Park, Ernest W. Burgess, Roderick D. McKenzie. Chicago: Chicago University Press. 239 pages. $2.

THIS little study of The City, coming on the heels of the last annual meeting of the American Sociological Society, indicates that the "study of human ecology," which has long been practiced by the Edinburgh school, is at last coming into its own in America. The architect and the city planner and the industrial engineer have long been waiting for the sociologist to catch up with them: at last, apparently, the sociologist has become conscious of his opportunity, and is ready to deal with concrete human societies, measurable, locatable, observable societies, instead of with that indefinite and often fanciful agglomerate known as "Society." These essays are not all of one order: discussions of the growth of the city, and the ecological approach, mingle with such specialized phases of urban investigation as "juvenile delinquency." In fact, what is lacking is a rigorous and comprehensive scheme of the city itself, based upon the city as it exists in history: and curiously, the only set of essays which makes this attempt from the sociological point of view, those of Professor Patrick Geddes in the Sociological Papers, 1905, 1906, 1907, is missing in what is otherwise an excellent and fairly representative bibliography. Still, these papers break fresh ground; and I must warmly recommend them. Sociology becomes as fascinating as a novel, once the sociologist has the wits to seize, for his own purposes, the ground that the novelist occupies. L. M.

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